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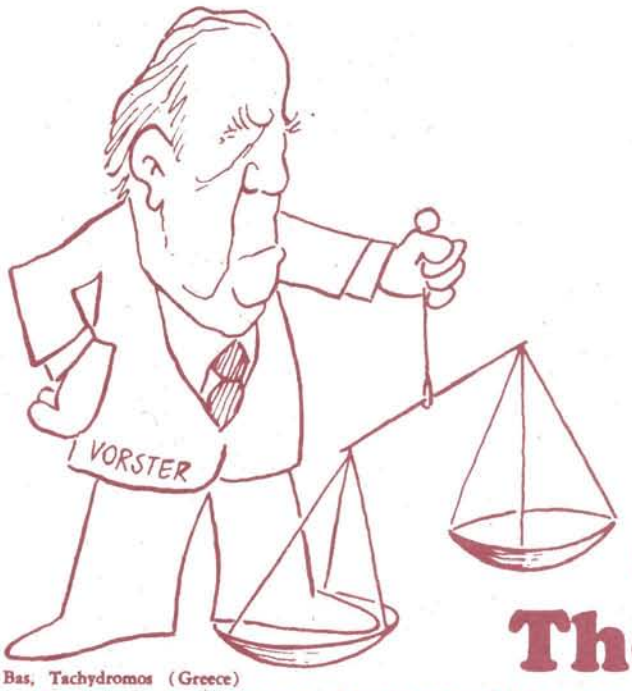

Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

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Southern Africa: The Ground Heaves

OVERSEAS 'FRIENDS' OF THE BLACK MAJORITY

Immanuel Wallerstein

THE FRONT-LINE STATES FORCE THE PACE

John Marcum

ACCESS TO THE COURTS

THE JUSTICES SLAM THE DOOR

RALPH NADER & GIRARDEAU A. SPANN

THE BAKKE CASE

Paul Delaney

Allen Ginsberg's Journals / Richard Elman

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LETTERS

quality of work

Washington, D.C.

In "Life on the Job" [*The Nation*, July 23-30], I am not only egregiously misquoted but almost as egregiously misnamed by writer Bill Smoot and his colleague, Jack Metzgar, who provided "significant" research for the piece.

Besides crediting me for utterances that never have—or could have—occurred to me, Smoot/Metzgar make a far more lamentable error. For some reason I presume known to them, their research on what they miscall "Quality of Work" stops suddenly four years ago in 1973, as if they took a good long four-year investigational nap. There is nary a word, or fact, or even notion about the explosion in the field of "Quality of Work Life" (the correct term in 1977) that has occurred since they stopped doing their research on the then-beginning field. . . .

Ted Mills, Director, American Center for the Quality of Work Life

Berkeley, Calif.

The disputed quotation appeared in an article by Daniel Zwerdling in the July-August 1973 issue of *The Washington Monthly*. I have contacted Mr. Zwerdling in Washington and he informs me that Mr. Mills did indeed make the statement in question to him in a telephone interview. Mr. Zwerdling wrote down the quote and he is certain of its accuracy. Mr. Mills's first name was erroneously given as "Edwin" owing to a *Washington Monthly* typo.

I arrived at my thesis and wrote the article with full awareness of the activities of the American Center for the Quality of Work Life. Space limitations prevented discussing it or such similar institutions as the Quality of Working Life Program in Los Angeles or the Work in America Institute in Scarsdale, N.Y. But these small islands of study and experimentation do not alter the fact that the rising tide of the work issue was effectively turned back several years ago. Nor do they contradict my thesis that the "majority voices" of business, government and labor have concluded that within the present system, nothing can be done about work quality. This suggests that the search for solutions should be expanded beyond the confines of the capitalist arrangement of work. . . .

Mr. Mills's pedantic remark that the only "correct" way to refer to work quality in 1977 is by using the precise words which also name his institute shows a bureaucratic ethnocentrism. That other institutes and writers should feel obliged to refer to work quality as "Quality of Work Life" as if it were a brand name strikes me as comic. . . .

Bill Smoot

falling water

Columbia, Md.

The water level of Shasta Dam in California had been sinking by 2 feet a day, leaving boats stranded in caked mud in the reservoir. Lack of moisture in the southern Great Plains resulted in a 60 percent increase in land damage from erosion. . . . In Minnesota 35 percent of the corn crop has been lost to drought. The Kansas River has only 1.4 feet of water—lower than at any time in living memory.

Water that was once taken for granted is suddenly found to be scarce. Water—the ordinary kind that comes out of the faucets in your kitchen and bathroom—eventually could become the root of political and economic turmoil much as petroleum in recent years.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers warns that solutions to the threat of severe water scarcity in the nation's major metropolitan areas will take years to accomplish and work needs to be started now. . . . The problem has been creeping up on us since the 1960s. Let us look at the effects on people and economy and see what technology can offer as a solution.

Helen M. Blakey

EDITORIALS

Guarding the Secrets

The first thing to note about Richard Helms's plea before the court on the matter of his lying (or concealing the truth) when a Senate Committee questioned him on the CIA's involvement in Chile is that he was less than candid in his remarks to the judge who heard his *nolo contendere* plea to the misdemeanor charge. "I found myself in a position of conflict," he told the court. "I had sworn my oath to protect certain secrets. I didn't *want* to lie. I didn't *want* to mislead the Senate (italics added). I was simply trying to find my way through a very difficult situation in which I found myself." That was an appealing bit of self-pity, and it may work with the judge, but it was weaseling. Whatever Helms wanted to do to resolve his dilemma, the fact is that he chose to lie to the Senate of the United States.

Helms was indeed in a difficult situation when he took the oath and testified to the Senate committee that the CIA he had headed had not acted to prevent Salvador Allende from assuming the office of President to which the people of Chile had elected him. He had sworn the intelligence world's black oath, so to speak, under the 1947 National Security Act, not to reveal the secrets of his trade. And now he was called upon to take another oath to tell the Senate what it wanted to know about the doings in Chile; if he failed to tell the whole truth in that forum, he would be liable under the "refusal of a witness to testify" section of the federal criminal code, even if he only misled the Senate or evaded the questions.

Helms on that day had an honorable way out of his dilemma. He could have told the Senators that, in his view, his National Security Act oath had priority over the oath which he had just taken to tell the Senate the truth. He would therefore face the possibility that he might be found in contempt of Congress.

That would have been an honest and forthright thing to do, but it would have spilled the beans. That action would have been taken as an admission that the CIA had in fact done the dark deeds with which it had been charged. One can only speculate about what the Senators would have done if confronted by Helms in such an upright posture. Theirs would then have been "the position of conflict" which Helms claimed had agonized him. Given Congress's past record of obeisance to all the intelligence agencies whenever they breathe the term "national security," it is hard to imagine the Senators inflicting a hard rap on Helms's knuckles.

But the former CIA chief wanted it both ways. He wanted to seem to tell the truth while not doing so, and of course he wanted to get away with it, both personally and for the sake of the system of secrecy which is supposed to protect the national security. He failed to get away with this straddle because too much was known about the Chile operation, and so he found himself in court on what might have been a criminal charge of perjury but was reduced, with the approval of the President, to a mere misdemeanor.

Enter the question of blackmail. This is not to accuse

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Helms of employing that crude protective device, but it must be said that he was in a position to threaten his superiors with some extremely embarrassing disclosures. For he did not act alone in the matter of Chile. It is clear from the record that Henry Kissinger and the Forty Committee of the National Security Council, which he headed, were in this up to their ears. What the CIA did in its ultimately successful effort to get rid of Allende, thus subverting representative government in Chile and making a military dictatorship inevitable, had the enthusiastic approval of the Nixon White House. Helms was just one of the agents in this operation. But if he chose to tell all he would have pulled the temple of intelligence down around everyone's heads.

The point is that all this dirty work was done in the name of national security. The true national security, correctly defined, was never involved. All that was at stake when Helms lied was the system of secrecy of the CIA itself and of its allies in the world of intelligence and covert operations. Senator Church, who was the chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence, commented on the decision to allow Helms to plead *nolo* on a misdemeanor that he had "thought there was to be an end to the double standard of justice for the big shots" but that "apparently Helms was too hot to handle." The White House statement on the decision to let Helms cop a plea was that it "upholds the authority of the law and the Congress while at the same time protecting the legitimate national security interests of this country." Since President Carter approved the Attorney General's decision to accept the plea bargain, this attempt to fudge the ethical questions was to be expected, but it is not convincing.

The real lesson of the Helms case is that secret agencies and their high-level supporters dictate policies that work against the interests of an open society. After the Helms plea that system is still very much in place.

Why Not the Second Best?

President Carter's relations with Congress have been so hapless, suggesting an almost neurotic fear of its power and mystery, that it is surprising to discover how heavily he is relying on members of its staff to run the regulatory agencies. The heads of all the important ones, except for the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board, are from the Congressional staff world. Three of them come from a single committee, the Senate Commerce Committee.

It may turn out that some of these appointments are good ones, and the revolving door that spins ex-regulators into highly paid jobs in the industries they once regulated has in the past not produced many administrative paragons, but the process Carter has used in making these choices is not indicative of the pursuit of excellence. Perhaps he simply threw up his hands at the difficulty of attracting "the best" and reached into the Congressional pool to pluck out some people who at least knew the name of the game and who would be easily confirmable.

The Republicans have made no secret of their notion that the best regulators come from the industries to be regulated. These characters "know their business," as they

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might say, and never mind if their actions in office generally reflect the concerns of their industry as against the public interest. In the light of Carter's campaign rhetoric on bestism, so to speak, one had a right to expect different standards from his administration. It is therefore discouraging to note that the head of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board will be a banker who happens to have run the Carter campaign in Indiana, Robert McKinney. But then we should have learned by now that Carter has a weakness for loyal banker-politicians.

If there is a theory or method behind the Carter appointment policy, it was expressed by Charles Curtis, chairman of the new Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, who used to draft laws for Rep. John Dingell (D., Mich.). Curtis is quoted in *Forbes* magazine (October 15) as saying that "appointing Congressional aides is very unvulnerable (*sic*)—a way of getting expertise without conflict of interest." In some cases, however, Carter failed to get that expertise, as in the choice to head the Federal Communications Commission of Charles Ferris, a former aide to Ambassador Mike Mansfield, when he was Senate Majority Leader; he has no more background in communications than did the former Republican national chairman, Dean Burch, who was Nixon's choice for that job.

It is in the new empire of Energy, under czar James Schlesinger, that the appointments to regulatory and policy positions have been most dubious. That wily technobureaucrat has loaded this area of activity with henchmen, both in the Department of Energy itself, which is natural, and in the bodies that are supposed to regulate some of its activities, which is grotesque. For example, as *The Washington Post* reported in an article headed "Old Hands Grip New Energy Dept." (October 31), Schlesinger has picked a registered oil lobbyist out of John Connally's Houston law firm to be general counsel of his department. The head spins as fast as the famous revolving door at that one, and already Senators Proxmire and Metzenbaum have urged Carter to withdraw that particular hot potato.

The President, who has an unaccountable weakness for Schlesinger, has also gone along with him in choosing Robert Thorne as Assistant Secretary of Energy Technology. That is the office where vital decisions will be made on alternative power sources, like solar and geothermal, and Thorne, an old hand from the Atomic Energy Commission, is seen as a pro-nuclear type. To that charge Thorne responds with the curious phrase, "I don't believe I represent an overbias of one technology over another"; perhaps he simply has a bias for the nuke.

Schlesinger characteristically retains his lofty detachment from these grubby considerations. He dismisses criticism of his choices of people to run his huge department (budget: $10.4 billion), including the recruits from the Nixon gang, with the remark that "we have a department which is not a crusading interest for specialized interest groups," whatever that may mean. He has perhaps discovered a unique detoxifying agent to remove all traces of past involvement from his lieutenants. "Much of the criticism comes," he declares, "from the very fact that they do not stand for strong ideologies," and he adds, "I am distrustful of zealots and and ideologues."

That is typical Schlesingeriana. A President might get away with such high-flown talk about the philosophy attached to his work. A mere administrator of the energy programs of the government has no business in that stratosphere. His job is to find competent people with open minds and no commitments to what now exists in that field. Innovation should be his watchword, not adjusting the interests that dominate the energy business.

But Schlesinger's boss seems to have downgraded the maxim which helped him win his high office. He has demonstrated his willingness over and over again to settle for something less than the best.

Quandary of Steel

The New York Times story last October 27 was calculated to raise gooseflesh on the hardiest reader. "Bethlehem Steel Has Worst Loss In U.S. History," proclaimed the front-page headline. The story reported that Bethlehem took a net loss of $477 million in the third quarter of 1977. No American company has ever before plunged half so far into red ink.

But the brave reader who continued past the first paragraphs found less reason for heart palpitations and cold sweat. The *Times* went on to note that ". . . by far the largest part of the net loss came from a pretax charge of $750 million that resulted from the closing down of plants in Johnstown, Pa. and Lackawanna, N.Y. which led to the permanent layoff of 7,300 workers." In other words, having decided to rid itself of some unprofitable plants, Bethlehem wrote them off in one stroke (including $483 million in pension costs to those suddenly unemployed) and took a huge tax deduction. The big loss did not cause management to cancel the normal quarterly dividend.

"Generally accepted accounting principles," says Bethlehem, dictated taking the beating in one quarter. But the loss dramatized in the *Times*'s front-page play comes at a convenient time for the American steel industry.

Were we to believe the men who run this country's steel trust (for such it is), the corporate descendants of Carnegie and Frick would be facing imminent penury. Over the last two months an orchestrated campaign of plant closings, production cutbacks, and public statements has created the impression that, without government support, Big Steel may soon collapse and leave us at the mercy of rapacious foreigners who are illegally flooding the market. There is no doubt that the American steel industry is in bad shape and that foreign competition is growing. But the reasons for Big Steel's decline are more complex than its owners like to admit. The worldwide recession has greatly cut demand for steel, leaving a glutted market. American facilities are obsolescent, while the Germans and Japanese in particular have more efficient plants. Many experts believe that monopolistic pricing by steel companies has artificially kept profits high for decades, reducing the need for modernization, and that Big Steel is now asking the government to bail out an industry sinking under the weight of self-induced flab.

Thus we are again edified by the spectacle of the champions of free enterprise whining their way to the public treasury as soon as the "free market" (which has not

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existed in steel for many years) appears to be working against them. And once again, their cries for help are being heeded. President Carter, eager to gain the business community's good will, met last month with steel industry leaders. While he ruled out import quotas —which might well wreck the GATT talks now under way in Geneva—a *Washington Post* reporter noted that ". . . top administration officials almost invited industry leaders to press new dumping charges against Japanese and European producers. . . ." Which illustrates that old Southern saying about the different ways to skin a cat.

The real question at hand, of course, is who is to pay for the economic downturn the Western nations are suffering. The steel barons hope to place the burden on steelworkers (by holding down wages), on taxpayers (by means of tax credits to aid "capital formation") and on foreigners. Predictably, the United Steelworkers leadership has joined Big Steel in calling for import quotas. But there are dissenting voices. At a recent conference of USWA District 31—the union's largest, and the one Ed Sadlowski used to run—a resolution was passed demanding that the union "withdraw its support" from "the blackmail campaign of the giant steel companies." The resolution argued that "The real purpose of the companies is not to protect the jobs of American workers as they claim, but to eliminate foreign competition so they can sell steel on the American market at artificially inflated fixed monopoly prices."

For the sclerotic steel industry the easiest solution would be to cut off competing imports and to get the U.S. Government to finance more efficient plants. No such largess is in the offing. And if Big Steel goes on whining, Americans may begin to conclude that nationalization of the industry might be a better solution.

One-Star Shop Talk

It has been made known, very indirectly and with the utmost delicacy on both sides, that the United States is engaged in a serious operation to subvert the military forces of the Soviet Union—and vice versa.

The operation is in the form of an exchange of lectures by officers of each country to their opposite numbers in the other country. Laboriously arranged by the Pentagon and the Kremlin in darkest secrecy, the first lecture was given on September 26 at the Institute of Military History in Moscow by an American general. According to *The New York Times* (October 30), neither side, so to speak, wanted it known that Brig. Gen. John C. Bard, Commandant of Cadets at West Point, gave away the secrets and doctrines of the United States to an appreciative audience of Red Army officers.

General Bard's subject was amphibious tactics. Now, that is a subject on which the armed forces of the great Eurasian land mass have no experience at all. But, as everyone knows, they are *planning* such operations in the new phase of "colonialism" which Senator Moynihan has told us lies ahead for the Russians. So General Bard, unaccountably, must have dropped pearls of the most priceless sort in front of his Communist audience, putting our security in the gravest jeopardy.

Was the Red Army appropriately grateful? Not at all. The Associated Press reporter in Moscow was told by the spokesman of the Soviet Defense Ministry that what General Bard had to say was "very interesting but from the historical point of view there was almost nothing new" (he was lecturing on the campaign to recapture the Philippines in 1944). Naturally not. There is an enormous literature on this and other campaigns of the American past, all of it freely available to the most casual inquirer. The Russian generals had long ago bought the official histories of the U.S. Army. So the Bard lecture must have been a drag to his audience.

The Soviet Defense Ministry spokesman could not resist a bit of competitive pride in his comment to the A.P. He said that when General Bard's USSR equivalent comes to this country to deliver his tit-for-tat lecture later this month, our brass will find that "the Russian speaker has been better prepared." We'll see about that; his topic is as yet unknown.

The truth is that there are hardly any real military secrets. When they exist, they are gone as fast as the puff of smoke from a new weapon. The same applies to tactics and even strategy, but the military always likes to wrap its affairs in mystery, often with an extra coating of enigma. That is what makes the "profession" of arms.

It is of course a very good thing that this exchange of military lectures is taking place. It will remove some of the mystery from the martial arts or systems of both superpowers. American and Russian officers will no doubt quickly come to see that they have much in common—that each is useful to the other as a specter to scare their governments into giving them ever more military toys of the latest and most horrifying sort.

The subversion comes in through the well-known doctrine that generals tend to fight the last war, instead of the one at hand, which can be fatal. Now if we can only persuade the Red Army that the way we fought Overlord was the ultimate in the doctrine of a continental invasion. . . .

And from their point of view, if they can sell the Pentagon on the notion that the defense of Stalingrad was a matter of tactical genius, instead of sheer courage. . . .

Perhaps these exchanges ought to stop right now, else there will be no future in warfare.

The Celebrity Monger

Back in 1943 and 1944, when he was 20, becoming 21, and before he had gone to war, Norman Mailer wrote a novel, *A Transit to Narcissus*, derived from his brief experience working in an insane asylum. It went the rounds of the publishers to no avail, which in retrospect does not surprise its author. Among other very harsh things, he says of it, "One senses a literary prig working at these pages." (*The New York Times*, November 2.)

Now, *Transit* is to be brought out by Howard Fertig, a New York publisher hitherto unknown to us—in a facsimile typescript edition at $100 the copy. Today, Mailer is a writer of abundant skill and strong passions, paradoxical in both his work and his life, a figure who moves through waves of controversy. Therefore, although

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the publication of juvenilia is rarely a fruitful exercise for the author or his public, an exception might well be justified in Mailer's case. One is curious to know what set this interesting man on the road of letters, and the first novel, bad though he acknowledges it to be, might improve one's understanding of his more mature fictions and journalism. Colleges and libraries, specialists in American writing, would want it; there should be a decent sale.

But why in facsimile and at $100? Does it matter what penciled emendations Mailer made to a book of which he says, "No little word is ever used . . . when a polysyllabic slab of jargon will do, and the meaning is not only fuzzy in the pages, but in the paragraphs, even in the sentences"? This grotesquely expensive volume will be promoted for its celebrity value—like the oil paintings of movie stars or the bullet-proof limousines of recently departed gangsters. And that is sad because, over the years, Mailer the celebrity has tended to overshadow Mailer the artist. Publisher Fertig is trying to cash in on the aura of freakishness that has come to surround Mailer's name.

Hair-Raising Brass Propaganda

Arthur Kanegis

> A concentration of world evil, of hatred for humanity is taking place, and it is fully determined to destroy your society. Must you wait until it comes with a crowbar to break through your borders—until the young men of America have to fall defending the borders of their continent?
>
> —*Alexander Solzhenitsyn, speaking in the film* The Price of Peace and Freedom

A campaign using old cold-war fear techniques is being pursued across the land to panic the public into accepting huge new appropriations for weapons. This campaign threatens to torpedo President Carter's attempts to reach arms control agreements with the Russians.

A major vehicle for spreading this campaign to millions of Americans is a film, *The Price of Peace and Freedom*. It is a dead serious half-hour film of rumbling tanks, exploding warheads, and ominous warnings from American and NATO commanders. It has been shown on more than 400 TV stations from New York and Philadelphia to Detroit and Los Angeles. Excerpts have been included on the three major network news broadcasts. Every week thousands more view it in Kansas, Nebraska, and elsewhere in the heartlands.

This film is produced by the American Security Council (ASC), one of the private defense lobbies engaged in this fear campaign. In addition to active-duty and retired military officers, the council has several thousand corporate members, including such big military contractors as Lockheed Aircraft, Honeywell, General Electric, McDonnell Douglas, Motorola and U.S. Steel. The film is co-sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

The Price of Peace and Freedom states the major themes of the overall campaign in an authoritative and frightening tone: the Soviets are getting ahead of us in Army, Navy and Air Force weapons. Their civil and military defense capabilities make it quite thinkable for them to launch a nuclear war. Short of war, they may use this capability to blackmail us in geopolitical struggles. The United States must regain superiority if we are to continue to hold a dominating position in world affairs.

Howard K. Smith devoted an ABC evening news commentary to the film: "That film in the news today, produced by the so-called hard-liners, shows graphically Russia's advances and our slippage. The film may be overstated, but the facts are undeniable."

The Center for Defense Information (CDI)* has conducted a point-by-point examination of these "undeniable" facts. Its study found that of the 120 points made in the film, twenty were true, thirty-one were false, twelve were misleading, ten were one-sided (citing a Soviet strength without mentioning our similar capability), eight were distortions, and thirty-nine had other defects such as being oversimplified, unsubstantiated, irrelevant, half-true, quoted out of context, or designed to raise false fears.

Several active-duty military officers lend an aura of authority to the film. British Adm. Peter Hill Norton is introduced as a NATO commander who fears an "actual invasion of Europe without warning." Adm. Isaac Kidd sees a trend of the United States falling behind the Soviets in sea power: "What used to be an Atlantic lake . . . is now, indeed, an Atlantic moat, filled with predatory steel sharks. . . ." Former Secretary of the Navy William Middendorf solemnly tells the camera, "Today, we face a Soviet threat far greater than any other threat this nation has ever faced in its 200 years of existence."

Each of these military men has spoken more soberly on other occasions. Sir Peter Hill Norton has called a Warsaw Pact surprise attack scenario "nonsense." Secretary of the Navy Middendorf has said "there is no validity to the charge that we are falling farther and farther behind the Soviet Union in sea power," and Admiral Kidd has protested that, "Our people are shabbily served by overstatements, exaggerations and tactics designed to scare us out of our wits."

The Pentagon itself did an about-face on the film. In January of this year it paid the American Security Council $25,000 for rights to reproduce the film. But by June, in the wake of press and Congressional criticism, the Pentagon halted further reproduction. Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas Ross announced:

Arthur Kanegis is a staff analyst with the Center for Defense Information, and is project director for a forthcoming CDI film on nuclear war and arms control issues.

*The Center for Defense Information is directed by Adm. Gene La Rocque (Ret.), whose thirty-one-year naval career ranged from combat at Pearl Harbor to nuclear war planning for the Pentagon. CDI's staff includes retired officers from each of the three branches of the services.

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I would like to emphasize that the previous—not the present—administration made the commitment to purchase the film. Shortly after I took office, I reviewed the film and decided it was not appropriate for the troops. At the time there were indications the services would request hundreds of prints. I stopped production at ninety-five, and there has been only limited distribution.

John Fisher, who heads the American Security Council, cried "censorship." But Senator Proxmire welcomed the decision. He noted:

The $25,000 put into the film may have been a boondoggle, but it's nothing compared to the billions of defense dollars which would be spent if this film and this scare campaign succeeds in destroying the public atmosphere for Senate approval of a SALT agreement.

One might have hoped that saner voices from within the organization might have prevented the AFL-CIO from cosponsoring this film. Jerry Wurf is one such sane voice. He heads the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, an AFL-CIO union *not* heavily engaged in war production. He commented:

We certainly don't endorse this film. Year after year we're warned that the Russians are going to destroy our way of life. So we rush out and buy more bombers and warships.

Meanwhile we find our way of life is being destroyed—our cities are crumbling, our energy lifelines threatened, our streets are unsafe and our children's minds endangered by pitiful schools. The Russians didn't attack us. We've attacked ourselves by throwing our resources into a mad arms race instead of strengthening our society and the moral fiber of our nation. For years our priorities have been on guns. Its time we switched to butter.

Will the AFL-CIO continue to let its name be used on this film, when the Center for Defense Information has documented so many distortions and inaccuracies? Here are just a few examples from the CDI study.

The film states, "The Warsaw Pact has the largest assembly of military forces in the world."

CDI comments:

False. NATO leads the Warsaw Pact in eight of nine different measures of military strength. The Warsaw Pact does have more tanks. But NATO has more active-duty soldiers, more ground forces and a larger population to draw on. It spends more on military budgets and has more than double the GNP. NATO leads in combat aircraft, combatant ships and nuclear warheads.

The film says we've disarmed our ABM capability while the Soviets deploy ABM defense around their center of government. It fails to say that the sixty-four Soviet ABMs around Moscow could not begin to cope with our 8,900 nuclear warheads.

A chart in the film compares 825 Soviet strategic bombers to 421 for the United States. Pentagon figures for 1977 show 210 Soviet long-range bombers to our 418. The ASC jacked up the Soviet figure by adding Soviet medium-range bombers that are not designed to strike the United States. Page after page of similar inaccuracies are documented by the CDI study. It also points out that the film ignores China, and assumes that all Soviet military might is directed at the United States.

Senator McGovern summed it up:

It is sad to realize that this film is being taken seriously by many around the country and in the Congress. We should have learned by now to recognize the cry of "wolf." Yet every year the hucksters of the security gap trot out the same arguments. Every year the proponents of reason—and of survival—carefully analyze the arguments and show them to be fallacious, only to have them resurface again in slightly new clothes. And every year we pile up weapons for overkill. If members of the Congress and their constituents do not learn to analyze more critically the kind of arguments in this film, we can only expect a much more dangerous world. The administration may find it a tougher task negotiating a new SALT treaty with the Senate than with the Soviets. □

GEOTHERMAL ENERGY

ERDA LEAVES IT LAY

SHELDON BIERMAN and GAILLARD T. HUNT

Whatever happened to the Geothermal Energy Research, Development, and Demonstration Act of 1974? It passed by a vote of 404 to 3 in the House and by voice vote in the Senate. But somewhere in the short trip from the Capitol to the headquarters of the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA) at the foot of the Hill, the law lost some of its steam. What was to be a great geyser of public investment in a new energy source became a trickle of tepid water.

Geologists believe that American geothermal resources can be economically developed, with present techniques, to produce the energy of about ten nuclear or ten large coal-fired plants. This equals 100 million barrels of oil per year, equivalent to two weeks of our foreign oil imports. Japan, Iceland, Mexico, New Zealand and other countries are already producing geothermal energy on a large scale. America has lagged behind.

The 1974 Act had wide sponsorship; when it came up for hearings optimism abounded. Dr. Dixie Lee Ray, then chairman of the AEC, spoke enthusiastically of the University of California's plans, through its Lawrence

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Berkeley Laboratory, to build demonstration plants; it was spending $1 million on this project in 1975. Dr. Ray said, "we believe that such systems represent a very large potential resource in the United States." Other witnesses agreed, and some scientists who hoped for breakthroughs to new techniques speculated that geothermal energy might eventually become a resource equal to oil. Even allowing for boosterism, it was clear that everyone concerned agreed geothermal energy should be developed.

So the Act passed, strengthening the earlier authority of the AEC in the geothermal area, and specifically mandating that the government build plants to produce electricity from geothermal energy. But Frank Zarb, then assistant director for Natural Resources, Energy, and Science at the Office of Management and Budget, and John Sawhill, FEA administrator, came up to the Hill to put the Nixon administration's hex on any suggestion that the government might be elbowing in, even marginally, on private profits. Their main worry was the demonstration plants. Zarb said, "We do not believe that demonstration projects should be initiated now in the relative infancy of the program. Also we should recognize the possibility that private industry could step in and fund some or all of the demonstration projects." Sawhill added, "Clearly demonstration plants must be built and operated. . . . The question is really who should build the plants and when?" But the Act's sponsor, Rep. Mike McCormack (D., Wash.), was determined on this point. "Since any demonstration program is available to anyone in private industry, it would strike me that the earlier the demonstration program is completed, the more incentive there is for private industry to become involved. I just want to make the point that I differ with you on the inference drawn in your statement."

So when the Act passed there was no confusion about Congress's will: the AEC, or ERDA as it would soon become, was to lead the way by actually getting into the geothermal business. Government would take the risks, drill holes, install pipes and turbines, and sell the electricity to a power system. There could be no faster way to find out what the technical problems were and how to solve them, or to show the power companies and others that they could get profitable electricity from the heat in the earth.

Now, three years later, there are still no demonstration plants. "It's clear that the specifics of the Act have not been carried out," says Dr. Thomas Ratchford, one of the experts who drafted the Act, who is now at the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There are four or five types of geothermal energy resource: steam, hot dry rock, gases under pressure and hot water, either clean or briny. There were supposed to be, says Ratchford, "one or two plants for each; so by the end of the demonstration period—what was that, five years?—we should have six or eight plants on line of 1 to 10 megawatts each."

But now there are only a couple of ERDA demonstration plants under construction: one at Raft River in Idaho, and one in the Imperial Valley of California. There is no plant in northern Nevada; Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory had plans for one there but they were scotched.

The full explanation for this delay would probably require a book, and it isn't clear what the title would be. Part of the text might be called "Welfare for Industry—How the Technical Fraternity in Government Looks After Its Brethren in Industry." Another part might be "Cutting Them Off at OMB—How to Ambush Public Power Legislation." There seem to be no real villains, and certainly there are no heroes. In fact all the characters think alike: they don't believe government should take risks or lose money, or even make money, and above all they don't believe government should get in the way of what private industry might want to do—some day.

The Nixon men, enthusiastically voted down by Congress, simply went back to OMB and ERDA and imposed their view. No one in the Carter administration has suggested a change. The present OMB official working on ERDA has said that the agency definitely will not be moving into the type of exploration "traditionally associated with the private sector." In his view ERDA should not build plants unless their success under commercial management is a good bet.

It is not hard to restrain ERDA; it believes in "working with industry," not in leading it. The Definition Report of ERDA's Geothermal Research, Development and Demonstration program says its goal is "to work with industry to provide the nation with an acceptable option. . . ." This approach requires the agency to avoid the risks inherent in the large-scale demonstration plants it was supposed to build.

In place of the development of the geothermal lodes on federal lands ERDA has turned to subsidizing a limited number of private projects. The federal government has leased out more than 1.5 million acres of known geothermal resource areas (KGRAs) from the public lands in the Western states. The prime tracts have often gone to those that least want to see geothermal competition, the large oil companies. They will hold them on long-term renewable leases, either as speculations or as hedges against competition. The leases do not obligate the companies to drill, nor even require that they turn over their data to ERDA scientists if they do drill. ERDA prefers to leave this voluntary. In southern Utah, the agency has proposed to buy some data from private drilling, but on terms heavily benefiting the firms that get the contracts.

North central Nevada is the classic case. In 1973, under the AEC, the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory began prospecting there for geothermal resources on some 88,000 acres of public land that was withdrawn from leasing for two years. There are hot springs in the area, so the geologists began delicate measurements of ground temperature, magnetic and electrical phenomena, microseismic activity, and so on. ERDA recalls in a recent review that "At the initiation of this program in 1973 the objective was to find a site for a 10 megawatt demonstration power plant in the north central Nevada portion of the Basin and Range province. . . . In 1973 the project was reoriented. A demonstration plant was

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no longer a specific objective. . . ." In short, just as Congress was calling for demonstration plants, ERDA and OMB were "reorienting" away from them.

The Lawrence Berkeley geologists decided there was something large and hot in the area: they reported, "data suggest the presence of a capped hot-water reservoir area north-northwest of Leach Hot Springs," Grass Valley, Nevada. It is "evident that, from existing data, Grass Valley offers a more promising geothermal potential than does [nearby] Buffalo Valley." So in February 1976 ERDA convened a review panel, whose geologist members perforce agreed "that a well coordinated drilling program is in order . . ." involving several holes up to 300 meters to probe for the best place for a 1,000-meter hole to confirm what they thought was there: a large and hot body of potential value to the hungry power grids of California and the Pacific Northwest.

But the oil industry, represented on the panel by men from Chevron (Standard Oil Company of California) and its affiliate, AMAX, had not been idle. The review panel quickly became an unannounced advisory meeting on the propriety of federal drilling and lease exploration. The head of ERDA's program for assessing geothermal reservoirs, Dr. John W. Salisbury, outlined industry's opposition to withdrawals of public land from leasing. He then stressed that ERDA's mission, as he saw it, is to "foster industry," by which standard the Lawrence Berkeley program was a "negative factor," since it was raising the value of the public lands. Salisbury said that, "within the economical, political and philosophical context of the ERDA program as it should be, this northern Nevada project is kind of an embarrassment, frankly. Since it is our purpose to foster the geothermal industry we are not going to continue to pursue this program."

So in the summer of 1977 Buffalo and Grass Valleys baked in the Nevada sun, free of geothermal prospectors, test wells and the scientists from the University of California. The 88,000 acres that were withdrawn from leasing have been thrown open again, and large tracts in the region have been snapped up by companies such as Chevron. This shuts out public development for five years, and longer if they want. The R.J. Reynolds Industries subsidiary, Aminoil USA, took the leases in Grass Valley itself, and has no plans to drill. Chevron is unlikely to want to drill in that area because it is already drilling for geothermal energy in Beowawe, Nev., a few miles to the east.

Thus the dread threat of public competition, even in an unproven and experimental area, has been driven off the geothermal lodes of northern Nevada by the very ERDA scientists and managers who were supposed to stir up a little development. ERDA has not asked, in federal geothermal leases for Grass Valley or Buffalo Valley, for any provisions that would require lessees to consult with Lawrence Berkeley personnel or to disclose drilling results. Some of these scientists regret keenly the lost chance to confirm their three years or so of observations, but they will say nothing for attribution. They know their disappointment is only part of the frustration of the Geothermal Energy Research, Development, and Demonstration Act of 1974; that the crisis in energy applies only to the public and not to the settled ways of doing business between the government and the big oil companies.

Demonstration plants might have been nice, but we just don't do things that way. □

SOUTH AFRICA & LIBERAL INTERVENTIONISM

YANKEE, STAY HOME!

IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN

The Carter administration has been asserting of late, through Andrew Young, Walter Mondale and even Cyrus Vance, that it is seeking to bring about majority rule in southern Africa. It has put forward an image of liberal interventionism—on the side of the Africans. It has even suffered attacks by Ian Smith and John Vorster for excessive pressure on them.

Yet Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of Zimbabwe's Patriotic Front, has publicly asserted, not once but many times, that he does not want the United States to take any initiatives, alone or jointly with Great Britain, to bring about a Rhodesian settlement. And Sam Nujoma, president of Namibia's South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), has called the sending of a mediating mission to Namibia by the five Western powers (United States, Great Britain, France, West Germany and Canada) "a very unfriendly act," and a defiance of United Nations resolutions.

Nonetheless, the Carter administration continues to proffer its "assistance" to the African movements, who continue to insist that all they want is for the United States *not* to help the white regimes. Is this not a strange situation? On the surface, yes; but on closer inspection, not at all. "Liberal interventionism" stands forward today as the most dangerous enemy of African liberation movements in southern Africa, and the Africans know it.

Exactly what is at stake in southern Africa? The answer depends on the perspective. In one sense, it is simple. For the two groups most directly involved in the social conflict—the African majority and the white minority—the stake is clear: the destruction or the preservation of a social structure in which acute socioeconomic

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inequality and political oppression are built on a foundation of racial division. The Africans wish to liberate themselves; the whites want to maintain the essentials of the status quo. Or at least most of them do.

Few would disagree with this analysis, although the words in which it was expressed might differ according to one's ideology. But wherein lies the interest of the governments of the Western world, most particularly of the United States and of the multinational corporations? On this question, there is less agreement and less clarity. Indeed, one might argue there is deliberate obfuscation. Furthermore, the lack of clarity—or obfuscation—has become greater, not less, with the coming to office of President Carter.

To comprehend what considerations govern the policy making in Washington, one should look at both the geopolitics and the world economic role of southern Africa. Geopolitically, southern Africa has become, and promises to remain for some time, a world node of acute political conflict. The ending of the war in Vietnam brought into being a new and relatively stable situation in that region. The Middle Eastern conflicts seem to be winding their way, however slowly, to an arrangement that may or may not turn out to be stable. But southern Africa promises most clearly to be a center of *increasing*, not decreasing, armed conflict. The long-predicted "explosion" has occurred. But why there, and why now?

One could answer somewhat metaphorically that the present world system is based on the likelihood of constant "explosions," but that it has "energy" only for one or two at a time. Hence, it was precisely the conclusion of the struggle in Southeast Asia that made possible the eruption of the struggle in southern Africa. This metaphor turns out to be not so implausible if one looks closely at how the *internal* dynamics of southern Africa have been affected by the shifting world political and economic situation.

To expose the roots of this situation we must go back a good many years. Parts of Africa were being incorporated into the capitalist world economy as peripheral producing areas from the beginning of the 19th century. By and large, this was done by means of so-called "informal empire," that is, without setting up formal colonial rule. In southern Africa, the incorporation was accompanied by white settlement.

During the last third of the 19th century a world economic crisis brought about the decline of Britain's absolute hegemony in the world system and led to the "scramble for Africa"—the replacement of "informal empire" by colonial rule. This coincided, not accidentally, with the "discovery" and exploitation of southern Africa's vast mineral wealth.

Mineral wealth had two major consequences that set this region off from other parts of Africa. First, the exploitation of Africans was more intense—both in terms of work load and working conditions, and in terms of uprooting the people from the land. And, second, it created an intense conflict on the white side of the equation as to who would reap the primary benefits—local white settlers, largely farmers, or the "counting houses" of London, that is, the newly emerging international corporations that "owned" or controlled the mineral wealth. This latter conflict—sometimes summarized as Boer versus Briton—for a long time so dominated world perception of southern Africa as to make many outsiders forget that both Boer *and* Briton were building their privilege on African sweat.

World War II was a turning point for Africa, as it was for so many areas of the world. The achievement of world economic (and politico-military) hegemony by the United States was what made possible the rapid "decolonization" of Africa. Hegemonic powers seldom appreciate the fact that lesser powers (like Great Britain and France) have colonial "empires." Hegemonic powers do not want others to have *chasses gardées*. They much prefer free trade and "informal empire." They also know that if one wants to increase significantly the production and productivity for the world market of a region like Africa, one must enlist the collaboration of local cadres, and that the price of this collaboration is a cut of the pie. Political independence is the easiest package to insure such an arrangement.

So when African nationalist movements began to assert themselves, and then to find moral and political support from the Soviet Union, it was not long before the United States began to lend a sympathetic ear to their complaints about "old Europe." Of course, the United States was concerned about "communism"—that is, about the degree to which these nationalist movements would align themselves politically and economically with the Soviet bloc.

Hesitatingly under Eisenhower, and then with a flourish under Kennedy, the United States's position on African nationalism took clear form. The United States would encourage Britain, France, Belgium and even Portugal to "decolonize," provided the resulting African regimes were pro-Western or at least "nonaligned," and provided —even more important—that economic links with the West were not cut. Indeed, it was proposed that such links be reinforced by means of "economic development." First the British, then the French under de Gaulle, bought this line and, with minor self-serving amendments, implemented it.

The so-called "downward thrust of African liberation," starting in the mid-1950s and lasting a decade, took on the overtones of a gigantic deal. On the one side and moving south, one African colony after another was granted independence, and without bloodshed. (The French press often spoke of this independence as being *octroyée*, that is, dispensed as a favor.) On the other side, the new African regimes curbed internal radicalism, and their new governing bourgeoisies took with a vengeance to "development," that is, more intensive participation as peripheral producers in the capitalist world economy.

It seemed a very workable deal, but there was one fly in the ointment. As liberation thrust downward, it hit the southern region which had a special pair of characteristics—mineral wealth and white settlers. Mineral wealth meant there was a lot more at stake for the West-

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ern world, and fewer "risks" could be taken; white settlers meant that there was involved a powerful political element that had little to gain from the "deal" of decolonization.

The northern tip of the "southern African" region is the Congo (Zaire) or more specifically, Katanga province (now renamed Shaba). In 1960, decolonization reached the Congo, and there was a "crisis." The white settlers

Bubee, Die Rheinpfaiz (Ludwigshafen, W. Germany)

resisted decolonization, the Congo "exploded," the multinationals and the Western governments were ambivalent, and the United States engaged in "liberal interventionism" under Kennedy. After five years the dust settled, with the following result:

Zaire found itself with a strongman, Mobutu, installed in power and leading an openly neocolonial regime. Patrice Lumumba had been murdered and indigenous "Left nationalist" forces had been militarily suppressed. Governments in independent Africa that were reluctant to respect the "deal" of decolonization in full (Nkrumah in Ghana, Ben Bella in Algeria, Keita in Mali) had been overthrown. The "downward thrust" of African liberation had been stopped. (Whereas in 1961 the United States had seemed inclined to extend the arrangements of decolonization to Portuguese Africa, by 1965 it was emphatically behind Portugal's attempt to wipe out the national liberation movements.) The white settlers of Southern Rhodesia, led by Ian Smith in November 1965, made a "unilateral declaration of independence" which Great Britain bewailed but did nothing about. In short, the lid had been put on African liberation, and would stay on for a decade.

The difficult years for African liberation (1965-74) were precisely the years of intensive U.S. involvement in Vietnam. The United States quite clearly felt it could not "afford" another major trouble zone. It did its best to bottle up the genie in the Middle East. (See its attempts in 1967 and 1973 to cut off the wars.) It took a hard line in Latin America and the Caribbean (from the invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965 to the many coups from Brazil to Chile). In southern Africa, it threw its weight behind the status quo.

But the United States lost the war in Vietnam. The quite extraordinary resistance by the Vietnamese turned U.S. intervention into an *economic* nightmare, which hastened (even if it didn't cause) the world economic crisis that began about 1967 and in which we are all living today. This crisis took on many faces: currency floats, the rise in the price of gold, the end of United States "free trade" policy, the rise in world petroleum prices, the world famines of the early 1970s.

The United States had to quit Vietnam. And, more immediately relevant to our story, there was a coup in Portugal in 1974—the direct consequence of the economic drain of ten to fifteen years of warfare the Portuguese had been forced to wage in Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique. With the Portuguese coup, the lid was off again. The "downward thrust" of African liberation could resume its onward movement.

But now the situation in two important ways was different from what it had been in the 1950s. The African movements in southern Africa, having learned the lessons of history, were no longer mere nationalist movements. They were now national liberation movements—that is, movements concerned with the socioeconomic content of political independence. This caught the United States Government somewhat unawares (though why it should have done so is beyond me) and suddenly Angola loomed as a new symbol. Furthermore, the world economy was now not expanding as in the 1950s but stagnating or contracting, which meant that the economic stakes in southern Africa were suddenly even higher.

The significant action taken by Henry Kissinger was not the adoption of National Security Study Memorandum 39 in the first Nixon term. That memorandum represented merely the culmination of our "status quo" option from 1965 to 1974. It was rather Kissinger's meteoric emergence as a "mediator" on the southern Africa scene in 1976. Basically, Kissinger sought to revive the earlier United States option of a "deal" of decolonization, of an independence that was *octroyée*, and apply it to the remaining non-African-controlled areas of the continent. As said above, the earlier policy had been initiated hesitatingly under Eisenhower, then with a flourish under Kennedy. Its revival was hesitating under Kissinger, and it is continuing with a flourish under Carter.

Thus, when Andrew Young or Walter Mondale or British Foreign Secretary David Owen speaks of a "last chance" for a "peaceful transition," he means it is a last chance to install relatively tame African governments in Zimbabwe and Namibia, governments that would hold their own radicals in check and would continue to permit the same steady flow of products and profits as has historically been the case. Of course, the "deal" would provide a cut for local African politicians and businessmen. But this is no skin off the back of the large corporations. The "cut" for the African cadres would simply substitute for the "cut" now taken by the white settlers. What Mr. Carter and his advisers hope to see are some more

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replicas of Zaire or Kenya—perhaps "at worst" of Zambia.

They would be perfectly happy to make this "deal" with the Patriotic Front in Zimbabwe, with SWAPO in Namibia (and one day maybe even with the African National Congress in South Africa). But, as we have seen, the leaders of these movements are not buying any such "deals" at the moment. They represent movements that are both dynamic and politically educated, and they are aiming for independence on better terms.

To be sure, Ian Smith is also *not* interested in the proffered "deal," and John Vorster would be interested in a deal for Zimbabwe and Namibia only if it guaranteed exemption for the deal for the South African white regime. But Smith, even Vorster, are rapidly becoming secondary factors in the equation. The fact is that Carter, and behind Carter the multinationals, do want the deal. If they can't have it with the leaders of the national liberation movements, they will seek (are already seeking) to by-pass them for more amenable types like Bishop Muzorewe or Clemens Kapuuo. For Carter is not merely *offering* a deal, he is seeking to *impose* one. He is trying to persuade both Nyerere of Tanzania and Vorster to help him impose it, but the United States is ready to go it alone, if need be.

The "aid" programs are being drafted; the agents are being planted all over the place; the pressures are being felt in Congress and the foundations and the press to "cooperate"—all in the name of African majority rule—for the good of the African movements, whether they like it or not.

Why the haste and why the pressure? The answer there seems very simple too. Southern Africa will not be another Vietnam, but a Vietnam ten times worse. Vietnam was politically important; southern Africa is politically *and economically* important. The use of U.S. troops in Vietnam caused a major social crisis at home, whose fallout is still with us, even though the "worst" was contained as a result of the withdrawal from Vietnam. But picture a "race war" (for so it will popularly be defined) in South Africa, with U.S. troops essentially on the side of the whites. Could it lead to anything but a parallel "race war" at home? It's a nightmare for the makers of U.S. policy.

But is it plausible that the United States would ever send troops into South Africa, and on the side of the whites? There are two reasons to think it might well happen. First of all, the U.S. administration is repeating all the "preparations" made under Eisenhower and Kennedy for an involvement in Vietnam: particularly the ideology of "liberal interventionism." But even more fundamental is the matter of options. The Carter administration is right: nonintervention now does mean a continued escalation of the violence. It also probably means a rapid coming to power of the Patriotic Front and SWAPO. It means open warfare in South Africa. It means radical upheavals in Zaire and probably elsewhere in the "northern" two-thirds of the continent. It means in short the steady working through of an African revolution. And the United States is simply not yet ready to contemplate that with equanimity.

Of course, U.S. mediation might reduce "violence" now, only to insure even more of it eventually. The issue is not whether or not violence but what the substantive outcome will be. Nixon may meet Mao Tse-tung twenty years after the establishment of the Chinese People's Republic and C.L. Sulzberger may find virtues in Hua Kuo-feng's pragmatism today, but these are signs of resignation, or of manipulation, not of wisdom, even belated wisdom.

What can Americans do who think that African liberation in southern Africa is part of human liberation? They can support the African movements. They can demand that their own government *cease* supporting the white regimes. But above all they can avoid being lured into the trap of supporting liberal interventionism. The siren song is sweet, but the shoals are very sharp. And the game is for keeps. □

AFRICAN FRONT-LINE STATES

FORCING THE PACE

JOHN MARCUM

A chain of five states—Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia—stretched precariously along the northern contours of white-ruled southern Africa, is revolutionizing African politics and testing the Carter administration's African policy. These countries are projecting black nationalism southward, and as pressure grows for racial emancipation within Rhodesia, Namibia and the Republic of South Africa, the front-line states seem slated to play an increasingly critical role. They serve as sources of, and links to, external support, while their still modest economies and fledgling armies are vulnerable to the retaliatory wrath of determined white supremacists.

Tanzania, whose widely respected President is Julius Nyerere, occupies a pivotal position in the front-line alliance. Embarked upon an innovative but arduous road toward self-reliant socialism, Tanzania has turned southward from its previous association in the East African Community (EAC) with more industrialized

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and capitalist Kenya. Long a political sanctuary and training ground for southern African liberation movements, Tanzania is now exploring the possibilities for constructing a new, more southerly EAC that would include its front-line allies, Zambia and Mozambique.

When Kenya formally renounced the EAC last June, Tanzania set aside its antipathy for Idi Amin and agreed with the EAC's third member, Uganda, to keep a residual EAC central secretariat functioning at its headquarters in Arusha, Tanzania. This gave Nyerere's government time to explore possibilities for cooperation in trade, transport, communications, education and scientific research with other states that share its commitment to regional collaboration, social egalitarianism and southern liberation. Already in May, Tanzania had reached out to its small neighbors to the east. With Burundi it set up bilateral technical teams to promote new rail and telecommunications links; with Rwanda it pushed plans for road and rail connections. On a visit to Dar es Salaam, capital of Tanzania, Rwanda's President Juvenal Habyarimana voiced support for Tanzania and the other front-line states in their "difficult war" to free southern Africa from racial oppression.

On July 20, a delegation of Zambian officials visited the EAC headquarters, prompting Dar es Salaam's *Daily News* to proclaim in a headline: "EAC Now Open to Zambia." The two countries are already linked by the Chinese-built Tazara, or Great Uhuru, Railway. A remarkable engineering feat, the Tazara, with 320 bridges, twenty-two tunnels and some 150 stations, extends from the Zambian copper belt 1,860 kilometers northeast to Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean. It has enabled landlocked Zambia to begin a major reorientation of its economy away from dependency on Rhodesia and South Africa. Made possible by Chinese loans and grants that, in Nyerere's words, have been so generous as to be "almost embarrassing," the Tazara is said by its managers to have achieved by mid-1977 a carrying capacity of 1.6 million tons a year.

Zaire has also begun to shift its copper exports to the Tazara from the Rhodesia-South Africa route it has used since the closure of Angola's Benguela Railway in 1975. In March 1977, Zaire started a gradual diversion of the copper shipments that account for 70 percent of its foreign exchange earnings from South Africa's port of East London to Dar es Salaam. The Tazara may soon be carrying most or all of these exports, thus depriving Rhodesia and South Africa of strategic leverage on Zaire which in 1975 cooperated with South African intervention in Angola.

Along with Zambia, front-line Mozambique is a probable partner in a reconstructed EAC. During a decade (1964-74) of guerrilla war against Portuguese rule, the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO) operated from supply bases and training centers in Tanzania. Appropriately, then, Nyerere was the first foreign leader to visit independent Mozambique where, in September 1975, he and President Samora Machel of Mozambique signed an agreement creating a Joint Commission of Cooperation to foster close economic and diplomatic relations between the two countries.

While Mozambique's war-tempered government is more radical and Marxist than that of humanist Kenneth Kaunda in Zambia, both share Tanzania's egalitarian principles and dedication to southern African liberation. Seeking to spur their common economic development, Tanzania and Mozambique have established machinery at the ministerial level to coordinate agricultural research, veterinary services, technical training and marketing programs. Nyerere and Machel hope, moreover, that by bridging the Ruvuma River that separates their two countries they will be taking a step toward redrawing the map of economic and political power in Africa. Tanzania, Mozambique and Zambia have a combined population of 27 million, slightly larger than that of South Africa.

Militarily, however, the three are no match for South Africa with its well-trained, Western- (and nuclear?)-equipped armed forces. In addition, Mozambique remains economically dependent on South Africa to employ tens of thousands of Mozambican mine workers in the Transvaal and rail and harbor workers at the port of Maputo (formerly Lourenço Marques). Unable to afford a showdown with South Africa and Rhodesia combined, the FRELIMO government has chosen to take them on one at a time, beginning with Rhodesia.

In the final phase of its own guerrilla war, FRELIMO permitted the Zimbabwe (Rhodesian) African National Union (ZANU) to establish bases in Mozambique's Tete district, from where it raided northeastern Rhodesia. After an initial post-independence period of political consolidation, FRELIMO reactivated this cooperation with ZANU. In March 1966, at a cost estimated at something more than $100 million a year in lost rail, port and other earnings, it took the further plunge of closing Mozambique's border with Rhodesia. It thus acted to bring itself into conformity with sanctions imposed on the Ian Smith government by the United Nations.

Rhodesia was obliged to redirect its foreign trade by rail through South Africa as well as to patrol hundreds of miles of hostile Mozambique border. And when Smith persisted in his refusal to negotiate a settlement with African nationalists demanding rapid moves toward majority rule, Mozambique joined Tanzania and Zambia in promoting and assisting a coalition of Rhodesian African nationalists, the Patriotic Front, to mount an expanded guerrilla war. Mozambique has since become the target of "search and destroy" incursions by Rhodesian troops (borne by mercenary-piloted South African helicopters) and the principal supply channel for military assistance from the Soviet Union, China and other external backers of the Patriotic Front.

While the front-line states are united in their support of armed insurgency in the face of white intransigence, a division within the Patriotic Front itself remains potentially worrisome. Mozambique is more closely associated with the larger, partly Chinese-trained, forces led by Robert Mugabe and such young military officers as Josiah Tongogara. Zambia and Botswana, the thinly populated desert front-line state surrounded by white-ruled territory except for a tenuous river-barge link with Zambia, support the other faction of the front, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) led by Joshua Nkomo. Moving

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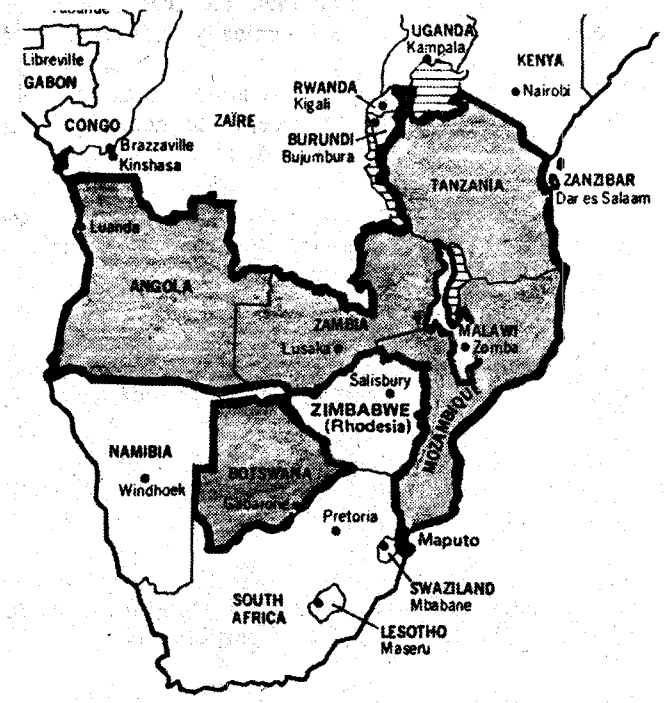

across the border into Botswana, ZAPU recruits proceed to Zambia. The Johannesburg *Star* estimates that "3,000 Russian-trained guerrillas" are now in Zambia preparing to join the war in Rhodesia, or in its wishful words, "are jockeying for position in a potential civil war" with their Patriotic Front partner.

Division in the Patriotic Front, fed by ethnic distrust and personal ambition, could project outward to cleave front-line unity. Differences earlier among front-line leaders over which of the competing Angolan nationalists to support now cause concern that Kaunda of Zambia and Khama of Botswana might back one side in Rhodesia and Machel of Mozambique the other. With this danger in mind, Nyerere, as chairman of the front-line group, has vigorously but so far inconclusively pressed Patriotic Front leaders to develop a unified military program and command structure.

While the front-line's Atlantic anchor, Angola, gives political support to Nkomo's ZAPU, which also is said to enjoy Soviet favor, it is more centrally involved in the incipient struggle for Namibia (South West Africa). The Marxist, multiracial Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) came to power after thirteen years of anti-colonial insurgency, during which it was a political and ideological ally of Mozambique's FRELIMO. Under the leadership of its physician President, Agostinho Neto, the MPLA government has moved quickly to extend help to the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO).

The MPLA is plagued by continuing rural insurgency among ethnic (Ovimbundu, Chokwe, Ovambo) partisans of the defeated Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), an insurgency reportedly nourished by South Africa by way of Namibia. And it was shaken last May by an abortive but bloody coup organized by top military commanders and regional commissioners who resented the MPLA's policy of multiracialism that has placed *mestiços* and whites (including Cubans) in prominent political posts. Nevertheless, in July President Neto opened a meeting of the Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) in Luanda with a call for all-out support for armed struggle by and for the "working class" in South Africa as well as Namibia. Distrustful of U.S. and British initiatives favoring a peaceful, negotiated transition to majority rule in Rhodesia and Namibia as neocolonial in intent, Neto's Angola promises material assistance for those fighting for radical, revolutionary change. (See article by Immanuel Wallerstein, this issue.)

With oil revenue from its Cabinda fields running at some $500 million a year and programs underway to relaunch coffee, iron and diamond production, Angola could be in an economic position to help. But it faces an enormous job of economic reconstruction in its own war-ravaged society. And much depends upon its political ability to win over rural support outside its Luanda-Mbundu ethnic base (about 25 percent of the population). Meanwhile, at Grootfontein, Namibia, South Africa reportedly trains UNITA guerrillas who attack towns along the Angola-Namibia border; and in Angola, Cuba's expeditionary force of more than 10,000 trains both Angola's army and SWAPO guerrillas who raid across the border into Namibia.

Only if the South African Government agrees to terms acceptable to SWAPO (meaning withdrawal of South African troops, central majority rule, outside supervision of elections) can an impending Angolan-South African collision be averted. And as in Rhodesia, external support may internationalize the conflict.

Concerted front-line backing for armed revolution in Rhodesia and Namibia (South Africa being reserved for a final, climactic act in the liberation drama) presents the Carter administration with a dilemma. To arrest the tide of racial war that threatens to engulf all of southern Africa, to the distinct advantage of the Soviet Union, Washington must get South Africa to agree to a peaceful transfer of power throughout the region. But in pressing South Africa to do so, the American Government may only incite greater intransigence—unless it is willing to take severe and costly action.

During his August visit to the United States, President Nyerere declared that Africans did not expect or want an American solution to southern African problems. Instead, they wanted the United States to use its great influence and "just a little of its power" to persuade South Africa to accept reason. Citing hardships imposed upon Mozambique and Zambia by the Rhodesian conflict, he invoked their need for economic assistance (he asked nothing for Tanzania). And Nyerere stated that he believed the Carter administration was sincere in its desire to foster a peaceful transfer of political power. (Nyerere had perceived Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy after the Angolan war as inspired by anti-Communist zealotry, not a genuine interest in African welfare.) But while Nyerere was pressing his views on American audiences, Prime Minister Vorster of South Africa denounced the Carter administration for allegedly promoting "chaos and anarchy" in southern Africa.

Vorster attributed what he called Washington's policy

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to support the theories and principles of integration, but would scamper when it came to putting them into practice. Whether or not the friendships of the past can be repaired after the Court's ruling sometime this fall or winter remains to be seen, and might be of secondary importance to other issues facing minorities. The old alliance has serious disagreements other than the Bakke case on such issues as public school desegregation, employment discrimination and faculty integration.

The supporters of Bakke's claim are concerned that whites may be the victims of "reverse discrimination" from programs designed to alleviate the inequities of historical discrimination against blacks and other minorities. They say the Constitution should be color-blind, barring race as a factor both in denying minorities equal opportunity and remedying past discrimination.

But the Supreme Court has dealt quite firmly with that argument in many cases; even the Nixon-Ford-appointed Burger Court has done so, most notably in the Swann case in North Carolina. In *Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education,* the Court ruled that the race of students and teachers could be taken into account in devising a remedy for racial discrimination. In *North Carolina State Board of Education* v. *Swann,* the Court said that a law that forbids assignment by race was unconstitutional because it would hinder implementation of necessary remedies. "Just as the race of students must be considered in determining whether a constitutional violation has occurred, so must race be considered in formulating a remedy," was the Court's opinion.

With race firmly established as a criterion in righting past wrongs, the question left was one of specific remedy. In numerous cases, either directly or by refusal to grant *certiorari,* the Supreme Court has left standing numerical goals or quotas that in effect meant minorities replacing whites as new employees and in promotions. In school desegregation cases, the Court upheld the constitutionality of numerical remedies. It refused to hear a ruling that upheld the Philadelphia Plan to impose numerical goals and timetables in the building trades; in the Swann case, the Court said that "some kind of racial balance is desirable. . . ."

Therefore, if the Court is consistent, the supporters of affirmative action, as applied by the campus at Davis, seemingly have little to worry about. If the court is consistent—and there is nothing to say that it has to be consistent—Bakke merely provides it with another opportunity to state its approval of efforts to aid minorities through compensatory programs.

Supporters of affirmative action take comfort in a recent ruling by the High Court that upheld specific quotas in a case involving a plan to add minorities to the Bridgeport, Conn. police force. Further, Herbert Hill, veteran civil rights leader and former director of labor for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said he was encouraged by the Court's request for additional briefs from the parties.

"It indicates to me the Court might decide the case on statute rather than on constitutional grounds, and that's good, because the Court has been consistent in its Title VI rulings," remarked Hill, now a professor of law at the University of Wisconsin.

But Hill, like others, was cautious. Although optimistic now, he still was concerned about what he termed the "intellectual inconsistency" of the Court. Nathaniel R. Jones, general counsel of the NAACP, also acknowledged that the Court would be "somewhat consistent" if it ruled against the contention of the white engineer. But Jones was not willing to predict how the Court would rule. "It has done some things that have surprised and disappointed us. It has done some puzzling things."

Civil rights proponents say they would be satisfied with a technical cop-out by the Court, of the sort it resorted to in the DeFunis case three years ago. They say that Bakke is not an exemplary case on which an issue of such import should be based. They argue that Bakke's age was a factor; they note that he had been turned down by other medical schools, and they score the administrators at Davis as casual and sloppy in handling the case in the initial stages.

There are many who believe the Court will not and perhaps should not render a definitive ruling. Writing in *The New York Times* recently, Anthony Lewis stated:

> Guessing the outcome of Supreme Court cases is hazardous. But the questions asked by the Justices during the Bakke argument did leave the impression that a majority is not likely to take the absolute position. It is not likely, that is, to forbid any consideration of race when state institutions try to remedy the effects of the racial discrimination that has existed in this country for generations.
>
> But if Allan Bakke fails in that broad constitutional claim, it does not follow that the Court will approve all that the Davis Medical School has done to increase minority admissions. Indeed, one or two members of the Court seemed to be exploring the possibility of avoiding decision altogether by sending the case back for more facts on exactly what has been done.

Yet those who think the court will rule against Bakke seem justified in their optimism. Herbert Hill made one other observation that caused him to feel a little bit better. He said there is a possibility Justice William H. Rehnquist "might rule for us for the wrong reason.

"He has ruled in a number of opinions in favor of States' rights," Hill said of the conservative Nixon appointee. "He feels the state should be free to do whatever it pleases. It's just a possibility. I had been very depressed about Bakke, but I feel better now." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Beyond Self-Absorption

JOURNALS: Early Fifties, Early Sixties. *By Allen Ginsberg. Edited by Gordon Ball. Grove Press. 302 pp. $10.*

RICHARD ELMAN

One of Allen Ginsberg's finest poems of recent years is pastoral, a sort of quirky nature ode on the subject of Bixby Canyon near Big Sur, Calif., a landscape that is part natural and part the detritus of Mammon; and what brings the delight on this delicately worked piece is the interest in very small things, bits of the palpable, a flower, or insect seen up close, the experiential world felt as seen, and a relationship of eye to sound which is accurate, wonderful, alive:

Ash branch's tender
pine cone cluster
proffered by leathery
sawtooth rib leafs. . . .

This poem startles by interjecting pieces of manufactured wreckage and flotsam with vivid Wordsworthian landscape notations, as if to imply the pollution of a perfectly alive ecosystem detail by detail; and yet even these excrescences of a manufactured and intruding world are wonderfully observed now as intertwined, through observations as specific and accurate as the journals of any committed imagist:

Car's rusty
under carriage
kelp pipes
and brown chassis,
one rubber wheel
black poked from
Sand mattresses
rock wash. . . .

There is much of this sort of objectivist wonder, too, in Ginsberg's published journals of the 1950s and 1960s in New York, Berkeley, Mexico, Paterson, and in his trips abroad to the Mediterranean, and East Africa. Living across from the Port Authority Building, downtown, in New York, dawn comes "rust red" for Ginsberg, time is perceived as "a shower," and an ordinary rock becomes a "huge stone tear."

This is the time of visits back home to Paterson and Dr. W.C. Williams and father Louis (with whom the father figure Williams is sometimes confused in Allen's dreams), when the poet is so desperate to break through into life that the clanking of New York City garbage cans carries a "hollow sullen roar like that of a dog," and, under peyote for the first time, Ginsberg imagines himself sketching "like Cézanne." He knew Burroughs by then, and Carl Solomon and Corso, and Lucienne Carr, and Neal Cassady, and Kerouac, and these are very much the years of apprenticing himself to Art through poetry, years of monthly list making of books read, and a lot of melancholy solitude, captured in bits of unfinished prose, and poetry:

Up from my books.
The moon in the window.
Summer night and solid sky.

Black hollow of buildings.
A hundred different chimneys.
I see lit windows but no humans. . . .

But then in the trip to Mexico Ginsberg's writing truly comes alive in moments, such as this prose-poem observation on a Durango park:

> Suddenly there were a million children playing in the park, stubborn, on skates and scooters or bicycle astridden, fighting and running to grab arms, stumbling and staring about hand in mouth, circling the bandstand on single skates, jiggling one-foot or in carriage, conversing solemnly astride a bicycle, running down aisles and stopping short, carried aloft by mothers and brothers, chasing in threes, swirling around of girls on one foot, ringing bells, racing broadside, skipping ropes in circles, bumping each other absently, lifting each other up squealing, falling down hitting arms, waiting, imitating airplanes and horses, getting dizzy, lying crucifix on the grass, dropping money, walking single file in zig zag, playing tag, shaking empty paper bags, making sucking noises, faces besmirched by chocolate, plumped down on the pave, scooping shitty water out of the pool, pushing sailboats, sinking woodscraps, smirking screaming for bubblegum, tearing up flowers by the roots, presenting them to elders with chubby hands; hairless and ribboned, in rags and diapers, levis and pants too short, in shirts with circles, in neckerchiefs, sitting on the grass, swinging balloons and pocketbooks, hair cut off braided or in ribbons, yellow, red, brown, and black of hair, bald, or leaning on great knees and having their dresses adjusted and hair put in place, staring in white dresses—and when the band began all began screaming. . . .

This aliveness to a tropical landscape among exotic faces involved an extraordinary absorption with place and its intricacies. Ginsberg's joyous ability to perceive unblocked was what he seemed to be seeking in going to Mexico. He wanted to hear his own thoughts, trust his own eye, and these journal entries, like those of the later East African trip, are dotted with direct, moving observations. In this portion of his apprenticeship to writing Ginsberg has finally been able to sustain an interest in the world beyond his own self-absorption, and his writing has become more specific, informational, caring, less vague:

> The plaza by night—Kiosk Bon Ampak—bottles of tamarind&peach and lime syrup, as well as grape&orange &chocolate, pan dulces, dulces, blue bottles of Alkaseltzer, straws&glasses &paper cartons of cigarettes.
>
> Man with serape & overalls, and the dark Tumbala boy I have seen for last few days from over the mount in town for a visit—2 days walk home with carga on his head, past the last chance cantina . . . etc. . . .

The Berkeley journals, composed at the time he was writing and publishing *Howl* and making a large commotion on the poetry scene, are scantily represented here to my disappointment, but the New York entries of 1959 through 1961, after *Kaddish* and much else, when he had become an international figure, are full of interesting first drafts, speculations, notes to himself, dreams and odd encounters.

There are some amusing political diatribes, an advisory to Corso on the CIA, politics, and drugs, and a bemused erotic recollection of Kerouac, presumably, for October 12, 1960:

> Jack in for 3 days, finally ending in bed w/me & Peter like Silenus nekkid —his big thighs and belly.

It is during this period, I believe, that he has come to form the chief romantic attachment of his life with Peter Orlovsky, after the unhappy crush on Neal Cassady, and this, along with a renewed proliferation of the dreams and reading lists and the *shmecking* of vari-

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Richard Elman's latest publications are a book of poems, The Man Who Ate New York (*New Rivers Press*) *and* Taxi Driver (*Bantam Books*).

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ous intoxicants and hallucinogens, gives the journal a busy, staccato notational style with which Ginsberg may have felt so uncomfortable, at times, that he springs from it to expatiating to himself:

> Read at Gaslight, rainy night, 3 A.M. Mist walking along Avenue D to E, 2 Street and up 2 Street, in the blue haze of rain, overbright street lamps screaming down their mechano radiance onto the street, a violent red damp sky above, walking into the Dream, remembering Shelley's insight, I repeated in my mind
>
> The one remains
>
> and glimpsed the one behind the transient clouds in the haze. . . .

The dreams and the journals proliferate with names from the scene: Leroi Jones, Gilbert Sorrentino, Harry Smith and a number of jazz musicians. But it is William Blake, more than his contemporaries, who persists as the dominant influence on Ginsberg's practice as poet and seer in the journals. It is Blake, the autodidact, who displaces Ginsberg's costly education with his visionary legions. Nevertheless, even during Ginsberg's most strenuous efforts at disorganization and dissociation, a strong, organic hold on language as notation persists: "At the mouth of Aqaba has been a circle of green shallows in the azure water and the stream out of that (caused by a wrecked iron ship) a feather current of iridescent malachite, shining & unreal as a hummingbird's wing. . . ."

Ginsberg's friend and admirer, Gordon Ball, has provided an excellent introduction and copious, unobtrusive footnotes to these journals; they are readable, bawdy, and, in places, frightening. I got the sense they were carefully edited, though not necessarily cleaned up, so that I was able to see the young man struggling to become an artist, and the developing artist as a man on almost every page. It is a book that should be read by Ginsberg's detractors (if there still are any), for they might learn something about his accuracy, and sense of wonder, his craft, diligence, and studiousness. All of us may learn to appreciate the innovativeness behind the bold public stance and wide open manner which we find being worked out, *or through*, here. Not all of these notations later appeared as poems; some remained just notebook sketches. Gordon Ball has indicated relationships between journal notes, rants and published poems.

For those who have loved Ginsberg's works all along, the persona as well as the writings, it may come as a surprise to read that, along with wearing a suit and tie for some occasions in those days, he had earlier contemplated a straight job, a straight life, and that he could be very much on the make. But while these journals record, among other things, Allen Ginsberg's ambition and adjustment to fame, they are chiefly gobbets of experience and work experiments, not another effort to promote a *persona*. Ginsberg comes very much alive here, showing throughout the courage of a lover of poetry whose large genius for publicity has sometimes obscured his very real poetic talents.

By the time Ginsberg had composed *Kaddish*, (and, again, much later, I believe, at the time of the very moving on-the-spot Bangladesh dirge), some of his difficulties with expressing what he thought he should say and what he could actually write down had been worked out. But in Mexico he still *saw* "palmtrees . . . shifting their fronds in the wind with a dry soft rattle sound, so much like animal hairy windmills . . ." and when some of that was later incorporated in "Siesta in Xbalba" as poem it became "palms with lethargic feelers/rattling in presage of rain/shifting their fronds in the directions of the balmy wind/monstrous animals/sprayed up out of the ground/settling and unsettling/as in water," which loses something, by being a little more wordy and Latinate and less specific, but it also gains something with the extended visual image: "Sprayed up out of the ground/settling and unsettling/as in water. . . ." It is being able to do just this sort of comparing of the published works to the journals that yields one of the very special pleasures I got in reading this book; and, as there are very few living poets of his stature who have made themselves as vulnerable to those who know their finished work, it's an inspiration and a joy to see how Ginsberg's art is so strongly shaped from the materials of his senses.

Reading these journals is also an aid in demystifying the Ginsberg of visions, dope and religiosity (though there is a lot of that stuff mentioned here) while, at the same time, perceiving that his art is very solidly based on his pleasure, his self and its wonders, on curiosity, and the esteem he has always had for life. For his contemporaries, this is among his many innovations: a devout acceptance of himself dispensing with false modesty and self-deprecation, until, after much effort, he was no longer this ordinary Jewish paranoid genius, angry, lugubrious, and closed off but a maker of brilliant and moving poems out of things at hand and with the people he knew, in a language that became as available to him as breathing. His grandiosity was the measure of his talents educated by his reading and his perceptions; his "acting out" became a way of perceiving his adversity and, through genius, overcoming it. □

Politics and Energy

SOFT ENERGY PATHS: Toward a Durable Peace. *By Amory B. Lovins. Friends of the Earth International and Ballinger Publishing Co. 231 pp. $6.95.*

FRED D. BALDWIN

Scientific committees judge the importance of a piece of published research by how frequently it is cited in the technical literature. A more subjective, but faster, indicator is the number of times an article is photocopied. By that standard, anyone studying energy policy would judge an article entitled "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken," which appeared in the fall 1976 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, of enormous importance. Numbers of increasingly faint copies circulated within the Energy Research and Development Administration at the time of its publication. The ideas of its author, an American physicist named Amory Lovins, continue to generate intense interest at the working-staff level in ERDA. They have not, however, had much impact on the agency's budget although a letter from Sen. Henry Jackson, who invited Lovins to testify before the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, prodded ERDA to make several studies.

The main reason for Lovins's importance is that he has managed to redefine the energy problem, and thereby to change the frame of reference of a large number of technical debates. He has first-rate credentials as a nuclear physicist and, in his words, a "former high technologist." He is familiar with a staggering body of recent literature on energy. He writes clearly and often eloquently. All of these things help, but his appeal is that he has managed to define a pattern against which a jumble of technical choices can be compared and evaluated.

Fred Baldwin is an independent consultant whose recent work has included an evaluation of a federal energy conservation program for low-income homeowners.

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HAPPENS EVERY DAY

right in midtown walking in broad daylight
people around and everything
all at once this guy steps out
in front of him and has a gun
grabs his briefcase takes off with it
everybody around is in a hurry
the first guy wakes up to shout and the other one
starts running and the first guy right after him
and the one with the briefcase drops the gun
and the first guy stops to pick it up
but people are passing in between
he keeps on shouting and barging through them
and the guy up ahead drops the briefcase
so he starts after that and sees somebody
gather up the gun and get out of there
and when he stops where he saw the briefcase
somebody else has picked that up and gone
the other guy's vanished and he stands looking
up and down the street with the people
moving through him from no beginning

W. S. Merwin

A GOOD FRIDAY POEM

Consider what has not recurred,
your life breathed into the old
imaginary friend, grief
for a doll torn in the puppy's mouth.

Forget the wings, dismantled, feather
by feather, and forget
the pond on whose still surface
you could see your best
reflection, long since filmed over.

Stars that once were pure
as ice against an ancient summer
sky have run together in these dawns
that flare on landscapes
you could never have predicted.

Just now, the dog walks at your heel.
This evening yields the light
of fogged windows, warm rooms,
your own house, where you step inside
for comfort. Glancing at the window

for a reproduction of your present
face, you see, through streaking glass
the shudder of a dead moth
or a maple wing, small passing of an era.

Anne Pitkin

NEW KITCHEN

I stand on a chair to put away
a gravy boat and odd jars. On tiptoe
for the wok, the copper pot, flatfooted
for silver, stooped for pie tins and mixing bowls.
What I need rings around me
like moons. Put by: *put nearby,*
as a pen, a glass of wine, a lamp.
As a man who sleeps within reach
while I read. Put aside: *reserved.*
Also: given up. I give you up. We have always
given each other up to sleep, to work,
to solitary pleasures. Now we are giving over,
moving out of reach,
out of order. When I can't sleep
I come back to the kitchen. I curl my finger
over the rim of the glass
to feel the milk rise. A child's game,
pretending to be blind. I open my eyes
when I begin to think I could get along.

Sharon Bryan

ROSARY OF CONSPIRACIES

On one hand, the connivance of symmetry, analogy, the heart.
Opposing this, the conspiracy of coincidence, surface,
Ellipsis, the intrigue of mis-matched socks.

Is anyone else as confused as I am? It's unlucky
To be in the middle. Even my black suit is oxymoronic.
There's a conspiracy of truth, one of confusion, confederacies

Of process and music. There is watercress
In the milltrace, lots of it.
The sawblade's teeth conspire to divide the tree.

The mother, though dead, is wearing her most beautiful dress.
She plans to lie down all the time now.
There's a conspiracy of son and daughters and father.

They go over each other and over the dead
Like a rosary. The mother will not concur
For death is self-devotion.

No wonder the relatives are sad.

James Galvin

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The crucial thing is to start with the right questions.

For example, if we begin by asking, "Where can we get the energy to generate as much electricity as we seem to need?" we may conclude that nuclear energy is the only possible answer. If all the choices are bad—paying through the nose for Arab oil or strip mining Montana—we may decide that nuclear power looks like an "acceptable risk," which often means a risk someone else can be forced to take.

There are, however, several questions which have logical priority: "Just how much energy do we really need?" "For exactly what purposes?" "And in what forms?" In asking these questions, we have to consider energy conservation as a serious alternative, one whose costs and benefits can be assessed by the same kind of analysis as the costs and benefits of seeking alternative sources of energy supplies. For the most part, "conservation" has been treated as a quirky notion for back-yard tinkerers who like to make solar collectors out of garden hoses and beer cans.

Soft Energy Paths, on the other hand, presents a comprehensive rationale for conservation that is political as well as economic. The book begins with an expanded version of the *Foreign Affairs* article on soft as opposed to hard technologies, and continues with several chapters of technical and economic documentation, concluding with an analysis of the relationship between domestic nuclear power plants and the international spread of nuclear weapons.

Some of Lovins's points are unarguable. For example, the desirability of rapid conversion to solar and wind energy is widely accepted in principle, and the debate is over the speed and extent to which it can be accomplished. Lovins correctly points out that the costs of solar energy should be compared with the costs of developing new sources of fossil fuels and nuclear energy, and not with the prices of existing sources which have been kept low by government regulation. He is also correct in emphasizing that solar technology is more thoroughly developed than its critics admit and is considerably less speculative than nuclear fusion.

In discussing diversity, scale and the relative complexities of different technologies, Lovins acknowledges a conceptual debt to the late E.F. Schumacher, whose *Small Is Beautiful* created a cult of admirers. Schumacher made an impressive case for labor-intensive "intermediate" technologies for developing countries. It is easier to feel that his observations ought to be relevant to technologically advanced societies than to show precisely how they are relevant. Lovins has problems with this, too. If one asks, "How big is big enough?" the answer seem to depend almost entirely on the nature of the particular system one has in mind. As a result, the question has limited analytic use, except as a corrective to the naive notion that bigger is necessarily better.

Lovins's last point—that the *quality* of an energy source should be matched as closely as possible to its intended use—gets us somewhat farther. About 58 percent of the energy used in the United States is used to create heat, mostly below the boiling point of water. For example, we are comfortable in houses heated to about 68° F. We like our hot water at perhaps 110°, except for dishwashing, where it may be 30 or 40° hotter. To achieve temperatures of this kind, solar energy is entirely adequate, and use of a high-grade form of energy like electricity is wasteful. According to Lovins, only about 4 percent of our end uses of energy really require electricity—lighting, electronics, tele-

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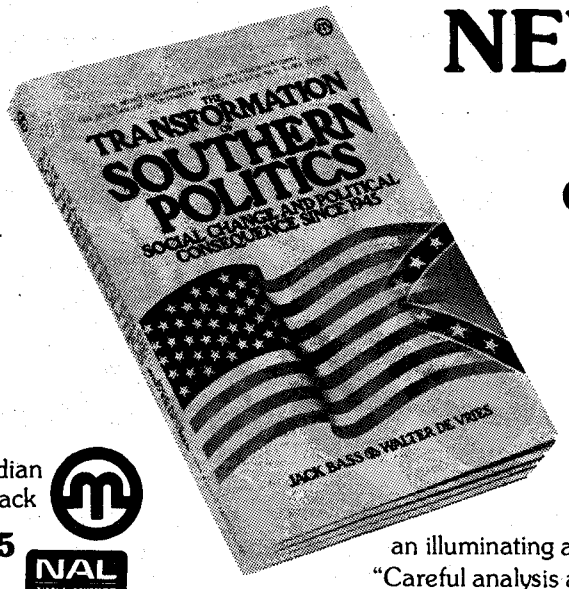
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THE CLACKAMAS

White rocks
lined with cottonwood
and leaves the underside
like quarters chiming
in the pocket of my
borrowed-from-my-best-friend
summer dress
Miles of river
lined in dead-car skeletons
"cross my palm"
says the gypsy lady sign
at the Carver Bridge
—Cross my heart, sweet river
shrunken by summers
almost gone—
I turn
find you
not beside me
like the buildings
of my childhood
torn down.

Jana Harris

communications, arc welding, etc.—but we use it for 13 percent (which accounts for 29 percent of our fossil fuel use because of inefficiencies in generation).

> Plainly we are using premium fuels and electricity for many tasks for which their high energy quality is superfluous, wasteful, and expensive. . . . Where we want only to create temperature differences of tens of degrees, we should meet the need with sources whose potential is tens or hundreds of degrees, not with a flame temperature of thousands or a nuclear reaction temperature equivalent to trillions—like cutting butter with a chainsaw.

If Lovins had done no more than state a comprehensive economic and environmental case for conservation, his work would have been immensely useful, but it would not have attracted the attention it has. What has sparked controversy is his contention that there is a relationship between the structure of energy systems and the structure of political systems. What sets the teeth of utility executives on edge is language like the following:

> In an electrical world, your lifeline comes not from an understandable neighborhood technology run by people you know who are at your own social level, but rather from an alien, remote, and perhaps humiliatingly uncontrollable technology run by a faraway, bureaucratized, technical elite who have probably never heard of you. Decisions about who shall have how much energy at what price also become centralized—a politically dangerous trend because it divides those who use energy from those who supply and regulate it. Those who do not like the decisions can simply be disconnected.
>
> The scale and complexity of centralized grids not only make them politically inaccessible to the poor and weak, but also increase the likelihood and size of malfunctions, mistakes, and deliberate disruptions. A small fault or a few discontented people become able to turn off a country. Even a single rifleman can probably black out a typical city instantaneously. Societies may therefore be tempted to discourage disruption through stringent controls akin to a garrison state. In times of social stress, when grids become a likely target for dissidents, the sector may be para-militarized and further isolated from grassroots politics.

Lovins's political arguments are necessarily more speculative than his economic ones, and he is at pains to show that energy conservation and a "soft" energy path will be a superior line of investment in purely dollar terms. Nevertheless, farmers facing writs of condemnation secured by power company lawyers to get right-of-way for high voltage lines are not likely to disagree with Lovins's link between increased electrical use and increased state coercion. Nor will people living in areas which geologists decide are suitable for dumping nuclear wastes.

There is a tendency to portray this kind of coercion as a necessary evil. The TV camera cuts from the despairing farmer to the urbane utility executive, who explains that, unfortunately, it's a case of the greatest good for the greatest number of people. The merit of *Soft Energy Paths* is that it provides a well-documented argument that most such actions are not necessary at all if we learn to ask the right questions. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

I have repeatedly warned young playwrights to beware the effusive critical reception of their first efforts. (Years ago Van Wyck Brooks, in another connection, said "America is the country of first acts.") It happens time and again: a playwright between 30 and 35, whose first play or plays glint with talent, is ecstatically greeted as a wonder boy only to be mercilessly savaged by the time he has reached 50, or whenever it is that he falters. It is hard to say which is the greater sin: the early bravos or the later damns. One would suppose that the theatre is an entirely frivolous business.

Last season David Mamet, after having been introduced to New York by two alert plays, *Duck Variations* and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (I was perverse enough to prefer the first to the second), crowned the first favorable impression with his *American Buffalo*, a play of broader implications and subtler merits. He was clearly a discovery.

Production of other short plays, written before *American Buffalo* and first produced in Chicago's St. Nicholas Theatre (Mamet is a founding member), has now followed. *Reunion* at the Yale Repertory Theatre (reviewed in *The Nation*, November 5) is in itself a modest and tender dialogue, very like a nice short story that might make us anticipate further achievements of wider scope. Now *A Life in the Theatre*, a play still earlier than *Reunion*, is being produced at the Theatre de Lys. We are following Mamet's youthful career in reverse.

I disliked *A Life*. But I soon realized that my annoyance was not induced by the fact that it was a trifle (talented artists are permitted their piffle) but by the gush with which it has been received by most of the press—celebrated as if it were the best of Mamet.

It is composed of glimpses of two actors, preparing backstage for performances and, on stage, acting bits from plays they appear in at various times. The "life in the theatre" consists of the display of such gags as an actor "going up" on (forgetting) his lines or trying to hide the accident of a missing zipper. We also hear the older actor talking inspired nonsense (except when his momentary embarrassment makes him honestly profane), while the younger one is either duly respectful or justifiably exasperated by the arty homilies.

The "cuts" from the plays the two men are supposedly acting are of a kind that haven't been produced since our grandparents' time, and in my fifty-three years of theatre practice I haven't met any actor of the least distinction who speaks of his profession as the otherwise estimable Ellis Rabb (the older actor) is required to do. Peter Evans who, as the younger one, has the easier task, copes with it as well as he can.

What we see is not a life in the theatre (not even a reasonable caricature of it) but a cliché that exists for the most part in the minds of those "out

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front" who know the theatre chiefly through anecdotal hearsay. "Ephemera, ephemera," the veteran actor murmurs wistfully. Ephemera indeed. Very little of this has anything to do with the pain, the pleasure, the glamour, the fun or follies of theatrical life. It is all an inside joke of which the real absurdity is the sophomoric response it has produced. But that is not Mamet's fault. I look forward eagerly to his future work, but by that I do not mean further juvenilia.

The difficulty with John Guare's *Landscape of the Body* is of a different nature (Public Theatre). There are some passages of good writing of a special kind: it consists of couching realistically crude and unpleasant matters in language deliberately lacquered to sound like the spiel of a TV commercial. It is a way of projecting wretched circumstances in speech that removes all sting or substance from the utterance: tragedy is converted into the amusingly innocuous.

The play's argument concerns an atrocious crime, the like of which is nowadays frequently reported in the papers. An adolescent boy has been murdered, his head severed from his body and the corpse then dumped off a dock into the river. His mother, an ignorant young woman from a small town in Maine who in New York has been gradually led into various sordid ways of earning a living, including the making of "blue" films, is accused of the murder.

A detective on the case, himself justifiably suspected of bribery in handling a drug traffic case, is therefore threatened with the loss of his job. In the hope of saving it, he does his utmost to establish the guilt of the woman from Maine. But her sister, recently dead (a most peculiar *deus*, or is it *dea*?, *ex machina*), reveals the truth to us—being dead she knows all! It was the boy's delinquent teen-age pal who killed him.

Since no detection is involved, there is no melodramatic tension. There are only moments of somewhat conventional depiction of low life on Christopher Street and similar vicinities. A futile attempt is made to curdle our blood: at one point the murdered boy's severed head drops onto the stage floor. Such "realism" always provokes a titter.

What then is the point of the play? The detective, coming to know the accused woman through his grueling cross-examination, begins to feel a genuine sympathy for her (he too is a guilty person), and she in turn reacts to his sudden vulnerability.

The play's defect, baldly stated, is that its narrative material is not a correlative of the author's theme or intention. What he seeks to express is the turbid and tangled enigma of life, the inexplicability of its evil. The only way to heal the wounds all of us must suffer, Guare submits, is by a transcendental acceptance of the enigma and by love among fellow victims who come to realize their mutual dilemma within the literally God-awful maze. But the dramatic stuff of the play doesn't lead convincingly to its "subliminal" conclusions: indeed, they are at odds.

Guare has humor and a gift for writing comedy; he also has sensibility but, extravagantly lauded at the outset of his career, he has not yet learned to embody the honorable insights that motivate him. Technically speaking, he has not yet got hold of himself, not solved his aesthetic problem. Neither the excited bravos which greeted his early plays nor the impatient or bluff condemnation on this occasion are his just deserts.

Landscape of the Body is well enough mounted; the cast—particularly Shirley

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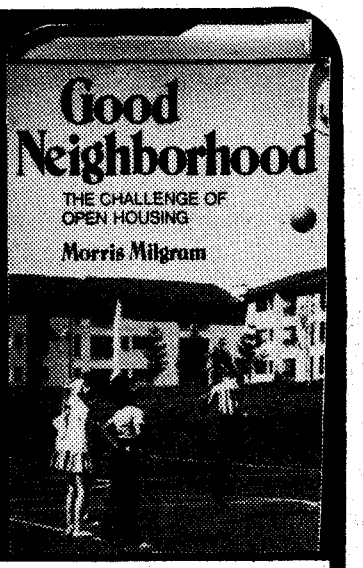

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Knight, F. Murray Abraham, Remak Ramsay and Richard Bauer—plays well.

Feedlot, the first full-length play by Patrick Meyers, still another young writer, is effective on the level of tough dialogue, violent action, suspense. Like Guare's play, it is after more than such facile attractions. (A feedlot is a place where cattle are gathered, fed computerized assortments of grain and then driven in trucks to be slaughtered.)

The play is the drama of two men who work at such a lot in Texas, one of them being a fellow still at college, considered "queer" by his most uncouth companion, and treated accordingly. This arouses hatred between them. But after a night of threatened murder (the college boy holds a pistol to the roughneck's head) and an actual rape for spite of the handcuffed tough guy, a peculiar understanding of themselves and each other develops. There is now the promise of a decent compatibility.

There are a number of unclarities in the telling of this story. Too much time is spent on the excitement of physical brutality, but we more or less grasp the "humanistic" idea at issue in the dramatic design. The play is not at all a bad beginning for the author. It is greatly aided, and made nerve tingling, by the acting, especially that of Joseph Ragno as the frightening and subsequently humiliated and appeased "villain" of the piece.

Last season the Hudson Guild Theatre, an off-Off-Broadway institution (441 West 26th Street) presented Christopher Hampton's *Savages* in a production I found more telling than the original one I had seen in London. The theatre is now offering another of Hampton's plays, *Treats*, in the vein of, though not as clever as, his first play, *The Philanthropist*.

As I watched *Treats*, I was assailed by the illusion that today all English dramatists are writing one and the same play. We gather from them that there is little hope for Britain. Its men, even the wittiest, are either snobbish boors, inspired only by a general contempt and sexual itch, or bores who preserve traditional codes of proper behavior that have become decorous inanities. And the women, those who are not well-spoken bitches, are limp slaves without a modicum of self-sufficiency. The tone prevalent today in the fashionable English theatre is a sort of smooth snottiness.

Treats is fluently and brightly written—aren't they all?—and in this instance very well acted after the manner described above by John Glover, Suzanne Lederer and Kenneth Welsh. □

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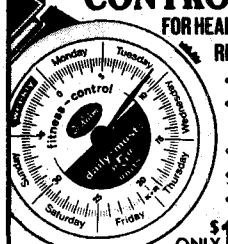

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DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

This season the Joffrey Ballet has reconstructed, through the diligent efforts of historians Ivor Guest and Ann Hutchinson, the *pas de six* from Arthur Saint-Léon's *La Vivandière*. It is a gorgeous little piece. Nowhere, except in August Bournonville's dances, can one see such unassuming charm, such vigorous rhythms, such frank presentation of the body, such devilish leg work, such sophisticated enchainments and such modest presentation of both content and performer. Calling it a little piece comments on its intent: it simply wants to please the pants off us. Its means are bigger than the total of all the current Bolshoi productions. Its historical ramifications are bigger than that, and I would like to comment briefly on them.

I first saw the *Vivandière pas de six* at an outdoor folklore festival in Washington, D.C. Strolling past exhibits of American Indian war dances, African tribal dances and a Mexican something or other, I came upon a platform on which a few girls in white tulle dresses were rehearsing phrases far more familiar than the tribal stuff, yet just as foreign for their peculiar syncopations and other oddities having to do with all the contradictions between content and presentation mentioned above. Only Bournonville, I assumed, could be so near and yet so far from what one usually sees on the ballet stage, and only Bournonville, I also assumed, could absolutely stun one with the force of dialect, no matter how cheerful that dialect in fact is. Learning that this dance was from *La Vivandière*, I was later dumbfounded to find that a reputable dictionary of ballet did not list the title under the Bournonville entry.

The fact that I did not think to look under Saint-Léon or some other contemporary of Bournonville indicates my naiveté, most certainly, but also points to general misconceptions about ballet in mid-19th century Europe. (*La Vivandière* was premièred in 1848 at the Paris Opera.) First, although *La Vivandière* shows us a fraction of this dancer-musician-choreographer's ouptut, it proves that Saint-Léon is not the hack that all history books call him. His *Coppelia*, the one title by which we "know" Saint-Léon—in quotes because even this ballet comes to us via Petipa and the Maryinsky theatre—is not the exception proving the rule.

Second, the *pas de six* bids us take its style out of Bournonville's pocket and redistribute it over all the cities in which Saint-Léon worked—Brussels, Paris, London, Stuttgart, Lisbon and even St. Petersburg, the city that gave birth to what we now consider mainstream ballet. While it would be overreaching to call the Bournonville-Saint-Léon style international, we must look at it through a much wider lens. This perspective must change the one we have of contemporary ballet. In very crude outline, we have seen our classical ballet as originating from the St. Petersburg of Petipa, culminating in *The Sleeping Beauty* of 1890, while the equally classical style of Bournonville is some oddball cousin of the main trunk, ensconced in Denmark. The virtues we ascribe to Petipa classicism, particularly as they are contrasted to the romanticism of *Giselle*, concern the reclamation of the ballerina from the thin air of sylphdom into a flesh-and-blood woman of rather coquettish disposition, who

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danced on the floor. With *La Vivandière*, we must antedate and broaden that reclamation. Possibly, we should consider the entire *Sylphide-Giselle* phenomenon, rather than Bournonville, the oddball relative.

Yet understanding that the Bournonville style goes way beyond Bournonville does not bring the style any closer to us. Rather, the inability to consign it to a geographical niche intensifies the differences between then and now, and also confers upon Petipa a sort of mediating position between 1860 and 1960. Watching *La Vivandière*, it struck me with considerable force that allegro dance is all but dead now. While it is reasonable to call Petipa and Balanchine allegro in spirit, their work is shaded by all kinds of other qualities, which lend greater expressiveness but also dilute the allegro impetus. When do we ever have the chance to call today's best women dancers great jumpers? Yet jumping is certainly as much at the core of dance as is the demonstration of beautiful "line." The realization that the lead dancer who now enjoys spectacular success in *La Vivandière* is a problem ballerina pinpoints the changing attitude and use of woman in ballet. Ann Marie De Angelo is a soubrette with a phenomenal technique. *La Vivandière* is the perfect repository for her personality and skill, and she bounds out of it a first-class ballerina. Put her in the ballerina roles as defined by Petipa and Balanchine, and she would probably strike us as lacking in grandeur and femininity. The precociousness of her personality in contemporary ballet is subsumed and transformed by Saint-Léon into dainty dash. It so happens that De Angelo and Fanny Cerrito, the great virtuoso who originally danced this role, share certain handicaps—indelicate features and almost squat bodies. Yet Cerrito was powerful enough at the box office to be included in the all-star *Pas de Quatre* of 1845. De Angelo is considered to be a *demi-caractère* girl, which translates as quarter-star status. Last century's ballerina is today the chief cowgirl in *Rodeo*.

Sara Rudner was second dancer to Twyla Tharp and company from 1966 to 1974, which puts her high up there on the list of great contemporary dance personalities. For the last few years Rudner has been making her own dances for herself and sometimes a small ensemble. Most recently, under the auspices of Dance Umbrella, she and three other women performed *As Is*, while up in the balcony Joan La Barbara turned the dials of tape recordings and occasionally bird-whistled into a mike. Rudner was right to give La Barbara's *Layers* equal billing, for besides being a performer—she donned plumage for the bird sounds and tore rags with delicately poised fingers—her muted percussion score of water lapping, heart beats and other natural sounds added immensely to the atmosphere of Rudner's *As Is*.

Atmosphere is the dance that lives between the lines. Few novice choreographers, not to mention practiced ones, make dances with inner linings. Having worked with Tharp for most of her professional life, Rudner is of the school that believes in jam-packed, strenuous movement, and yet the distinguishing feature of *As Is* is its feeling of tenderness. The main motif is swimming; the show stopper, an episode in which the women jump rope and then pretend to. Interestingly, the dance's atmosphere grew as much out of compositional elements as subject matter. Rudner often set all the "swimming" arm motions and evocations of diving, sculling, floating, bobbing and sometimes, I think, shivering in undulating sequence. To see the myriad of gestures Rudner invented swim from one dancer to the next and bob up again at another place on the stage or at another time in the piece yielded not only structural cohesiveness but lovely feelings of give and take, of shared experience. Here were women in practically back-breaking, complicated play—men's work, really—and they never lost sight of one another, not even, it seemed, during the solo meditations. Through dancing, women have entered the man's world, the world of seriousness, prominence and muscle power. With Rudner, one senses a steely determination to enter that world from a woman's point of view. Unlike the dances of Twyla Tharp, and those of Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey too, one feels behind Rudner a touch of the woman liberated.

For all the (sweaty) loveliness of *As Is*, however, the best thing about it is Rudner dancing. She has what the dance experts call "flow"; what the general audience would understand as a capacity to carry the viewers right into the very center of momentum. The ability to weave into the immediate moment palpable threads of coming from and going to is the great gift of lyricism, and Rudner has it. She also has the virtue of clarity. When Rudner dances you can see both the overall design and all the details en route. Detail, which sometimes, unfortunately, degenerates into fussiness, is her choreog-

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raphic speciality, but the dancer has an uncanny way of clearing the decks the choreographer messed up. Whether the kernel of the phrase is powerfully rotating shoulder blades or a hunch in the shoulder, a leg that kicks forcefully to the side or dangles there before dying away, Rudner focuses us on that second. She makes dancing intelligible. The three others in *As Is*—Jean Churchill, Shana Menaker, and Vicki Shick—have neither Rudner's lyricism nor intelligence, and at times the gap between them threatened to disrupt the choreography's sisterly feelings. It was Tharp's wonderful fortune to have Rudner as a foil all those years. Until Rudner finds dancers to complement her in the way she complemented Tharp, she might be a victim of her own excellence. One way out of this predicament is for Rudner to stop seeing dancers as extensions of herself . . . in other words, to become a *real* choreographer. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Every year the Creative Artists Public Service Program (CAPS) awards fellowships in the arts to residents of New York State. The grants, usually of about $3,500, are made by juries of artists that change annually. In painting, the method of selection is as follows: the applicants (there were 1,925 this year) submit slides that are screened by the jury; then semi-finalists (141 of them this year) are invited to submit two original works. The number of awards varies according to the funds available, but this year twenty-seven fellowships in painting had been awarded at the time of writing. Starting in 1976 CAPS opened the works submitted for a one-day viewing by museum staffs, dealers and critics. The paintings are housed on the tenth floor of a General Services Administration building in downtown Manhattan.

This assembly is not an exhibition in the usual sense. The works are all face out, but not all get hung; some lean against columns or the wall. Lighting is casual and fitful. It is an improvised showing, in warehouse space, not a finished display in a gallery. CAPS is right not to present it as an exhibition; and it is also right to make the collection briefly consultable within the art world, before the paintings go back to the artists.

In a sense, this temporary collection does what a good survey show should do; it presents new information on the current practice of art. In this respect it compares favorably with "finished" exhibitions of present tendencies and new artists, which purport to offer new information but rarely achieve this useful purpose. As a rule, museum taste lags behind dealer taste, with the result that contemporary survey shows, in which museums should exercise their independence—and their intelligence—merely confirm existing market patterns. The opportunity to see art outside gallery-mandated limits is therefore rare, even in shows such as the Whitney Biennial or the Corcoran Gallery of Art Biennial of Contemporary American Painting. The CAPS sample therefore offers an exceptional chance to see a substantial cross section of current painting unshaped by curatorial conformity to the market. (Acquiescence in market taste need not take financial form of course; it is sufficient that curators remain within agreed-on sources and stay away from others.)

This showing of semi-finalists to the interested art world is not an isolated gesture. CAPS, which is funded by the New York State Council on the Arts, with additional support from the National Endowment on the Arts and private donors, has been sensitive to the need to follow up and circulate news about the recipients of their grants. Apart from a program to take artists to communities across the state, there is also an annual catalogue of the fellowship winners. When one sees the semi-finalists, incidentally, one knows the identity of neither the fellows nor the selection panel (which is announced later). Of course the panelists shape what is seen: in 1975, for example, ten of the thirty-four finalists were women; last year there were twenty women among the thirty-two painters. Nonetheless, the mixture of artists is unpremeditated. The artists send in their own work and it is sorted by other artists, a model circumvention of curatorial prejudice.

This year's semi-finalists included a good many abstract painters, thus giving a sight on current practice in the mode. The "field" is still a prime resource of abstract painting, in which the surface of the canvas as a whole is the unit of organization. Field works range from Alan Kleiman's imperturbable plane, animated by small touches, to Carol Haerer's flowing whites on an arch-shaped canvas. In some usages the field is a kind of transcendental graphics, as in Catharine Porter's wiggles in small squares ruled on canvas or in Sean Scully's pale compulsive surfaces. Sue Frecon showed sets of monochrome canvases—reds, tans, browns, the density of color made subtly hazy by shifts of handling. The grid, a variant of field painting, was evident also, as in Robert Swain's color squares and Lucia Mae Blocton's smokily tonal plaid.

There was a good deal of geometric abstraction, in which the arrangement of forms subdivides the canvas, in contrast to the holistic surface of field painting. Geometrics ranged from Seymour Boardman's diagrams, parallel to the picture's edges and strictly frontal, to David Diao's overlapping, segmented forms. Steven Sloman has started to brace his big, black, loose calligraphic pictures with geometric figures out of Al Held, which looks very expedient. Arlene Slavin has moved from all-over pattern to looser, hierarchic forms, geometric but irregularly bunched. The chalky color of Gary Hudson's shaggy geometry is oddly reminiscent of Poliakov. Notable were William Fares's paintings, which have evident corner to center subdivisions; on inspection, these turn out to be made by peeling back layers of latex: a brilliant fusion of

CHARLESTON R.I.

The cottage has thin walls.
We hear the ocean clearly

as if in the next room.
Bugs sing at the screens.

All along the shore Quoni Indians
piled shells of clams and oysters.

Now, raccoons come
for the remains of our fish.

The old man who owned this place
died in the off season.

His wife spread his ashes
from the back

of the Block Island ferry.
There are worn stones

in parks, graves without bodies.
We have read their perfect stories.

At low tide we wade out
and tear blue shellfish

from the rocks.
In the evening we steam them.

It's easy to enter this history.
We share the softening light

with the dead, the stars
coming out in our bodies.

Jeffrey Greene

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organization and physical substance.

Treating the CAPS semi-finalists as a report on current work, it cannot be said that the sample of realism equaled that of abstract painting. However, mention should be made of Susan Daykin who paints tableaux of provocatively incomplete action based on Mexican history of the early 20th century; Harold Bruder who seems to be experimenting with an early Balthus-like naiveté in his street scenes, and Peter Martinez whose post-Intimist painting is the largest and best work of his I have seen. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

With Bobby Hackett gone, the most lyrical trumpeter of what may be called mainstream—or pre-modern—jazz is Warren Vaché. Since he is young, Vaché at first appears to be an anachronism. It is as if a fiction writer in his 20s were to elect now to personalize the tradition of F. Scott Fitzgerald—paying no mind to Barthelme, Pynchon, even Doctorow. Swinging to a different drummer than the rhythm sections of your peers is a risky business.

Vaché, however, claims that he has no choice. The lines and sounds that connect with what he wants to say are in the songlike lineage of Louis Armstrong, Bobby Hackett, and other prebop spinners of silvery melodic variations. Not that he imitates his departed progenitors. As revealed in Vaché's initial album, *First Time Out* (Monmouth Evergreen), he has a clearly personal presence that is most immediately identifiable by a wondrously open, resonant sound that can flare in celebration and also glow in the soft fullness of romantic retrospection.

Most of the songs are such sempiternal airs as *I Surrender, Dear* and *All of Me*, but Vaché has also had the lively indigenous jazz sense to include Duke Ellington's *Black Butterfly* and Billy Strayhorn's classic ballad of yearning, *Chelsea Bridge*. Only one jazz modernist is represented; and not surprisingly it is that airborne lyrical trumpeter, Clifford Brown. Yet Vaché makes Brown's *Joy Spring* sound as if it had been written by Bobby Hackett.

In addition to his incandescent but spare melodic imagination, Vaché has a beat that flows deep and easy, and even at up tempos, his time-feel is always serene. It is a secure joy in the act of improvising that is not often heard in a player of his relatively brief experience. In any case, Vaché surely is finding his own secure place in the music. His audience will never be huge, for he has nothing of the showman in his temperament. But that audience will be durable and, I expect, will include those of the young, as well as their elders, who still dream of what it was like when *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, and still hope to find out again.

While Warren Vaché is on the outskirts of his musical generation, pianist Tommy Flanagan has long been in the center of his. Now 47, Flanagan came out of the fertile Detroit jazz scene in the 1940s and 1950s and has played with many of the magisterial modernists —from Miles Davis to John Coltrane. To musicians and a rather small cadre of lay listeners, Flanagan is a pianist of uncommon consistency in terms of tasteful inventiveness and unerring swing. He too is lyrical; and to be literal about that description, drummer Elvin Jones says accurately, "You can always hear the lyrics when he plays."

Through the years, Flanagan has had all too few record sessions as a leader. *Eclypso* (Inner City) is his best so far. Accompanied with zestful attentiveness by bassist George Mraz and protean drummer Elvin Jones, Flanagan has put together a substantial repertory of modern jazz classics by Charlie Parker ("I don't like to have Bird's tunes forgotten"), Tadd Dameron, Denzil Best, Tom McIntosh and himself.

Though recorded in a studio, the performances have the immediacy and excitement of a set in a small club attended by listeners sufficiently hip to send up vibrations on which the musicians can groove—along with their own.

Mraz, originally from Prague, has successfully established himself in New York and is one more proof that certain European musicians are now of an improvising size to become part of the inner world of jazz. His sound can fill a room and his conception is fresh and incisive. Elvin Jones, a prodigious technician who has expanded the language of jazz percussion, can also be—as this set underlines—an exceptionally sensitive and indeed anticipatory voice in time. And his brush work, often overlooked, bears comparison with such venerable masters of that delicacy as Jo Jones and the late Sid Catlett.

Flanagan, however, is the crisp cynosure of these revels. Clarity is his hallmark—clarity of touch, attack, ideas, time. He is a true compositional improviser—in retrospect, his solos cohere

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with mounting inevitability. And above all, as in Warren Vaché's playing, there is in Flanagan that joy of risk—of feeling and thinking without a net—that is the essence of jazz. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Truffaut's Bertrand Morane (Charles Denner) is writing his autobiography; it consists for the most part of a *catalogue raisonné* of one-night stands. He calls it "The Skirt Chaser," which a publisher's reader defines as an amorist insufficiently mature to be called a womanizer—a shrewd enough observation except for the implication that womanizers are satisfactory examples of masculine maturity. Morane's editor thinks the title lacks dignity; she suggests *The Man Who Loved Women*, which serves also for the film.

This, then, is familiar Truffaut material, the sort that sets one to searching the dictionary for synonyms of "wry." And Bertrand Morane is what has become almost the stock Truffaut hero, an aging young man whose manner alternates between jaunty opportunism and lost-dog soulfulness. The former is how Bertrand likes to see himself and the latter is an attitude he has found effective in his approaches to a wide variety of women who are alike only in that they have good legs, walk with a fetching swing to their skirts and harbor an urge to mother a rather unpromising child.

Bertrand is also a senior technician in a firm that tests the wave dynamics of model ships and planes. It looks like interesting work, Bertrand seems to be good at it—quite mature, in fact—and I was hoping to learn more about this specialized department of engineering. What I learned instead is how, night after night, Bertrand contrives to pick up a handsome young woman, prevails on her to bed down with him and terminates the encounter early enough to get a decent sleep before the next day's work. Some of the ruses he employs for this purpose are ingenious and some of the young ladies manage to turn the tables on Bertrand; the film does not want for laughter, but it goes on for two hours and recitations of obsessive seduction grow rapidly monotonous, whether told by Casanova, Frank Harris or François Truffaut.

There is nothing seriously reprehensible about Bertrand's avocation; he is too slight a personality to make any lasting mark on his short-order companions; but neither is there much satisfaction to be gained from a movie built on the pattern of a squirrel cage, with Bertrand in the middle, peddling away as fast as his little feet can spin the cylinder. The only encounter that sticks in my mind is one with an older woman (Genevieve Fontanel), who tells Bertrand she will not sleep with him because she is attracted only by younger men, who give her the illusion of holding age at bay. She is a welcome break in the parade of eager fillies who become all unzipped as soon as Morane begins to breathe hard.

Truffaut is well aware of the repetitive feebleness of his hero's life—there is a good deal of talk (it is quite a talkative picture, considering that there is almost no conversation) about youthful impressions and psychological roots, Bertrand's inability to retain any postcopulative interest in a woman being related to his memories of a mother who sadly neglected him for a rapid succession of lovers. That is likely enough—the failure to grow up is commonly traced to childhood miseries. Perhaps what puts me off the picture is its relentless cheeriness; even Bertrand's funeral (he walked in front of a car in the excitement of his final pursuit), attended only by a crowd of women unknown to one another, is treated as a joke. When I try to find in him someone worth two hours of my time, he strikes me as a sad, lonely, frightened and stunted man. Anyone who doses himself with sex as a kind of ego tonic (and it is by no means an exclusively male practice; most if not all of Bertrand's bedmates are taking the same nostrum) is pathetic. Chuckling at the cute ploys, easy successes and nervous disentanglements of Truffaut's hero is a demeaning indulgence. □

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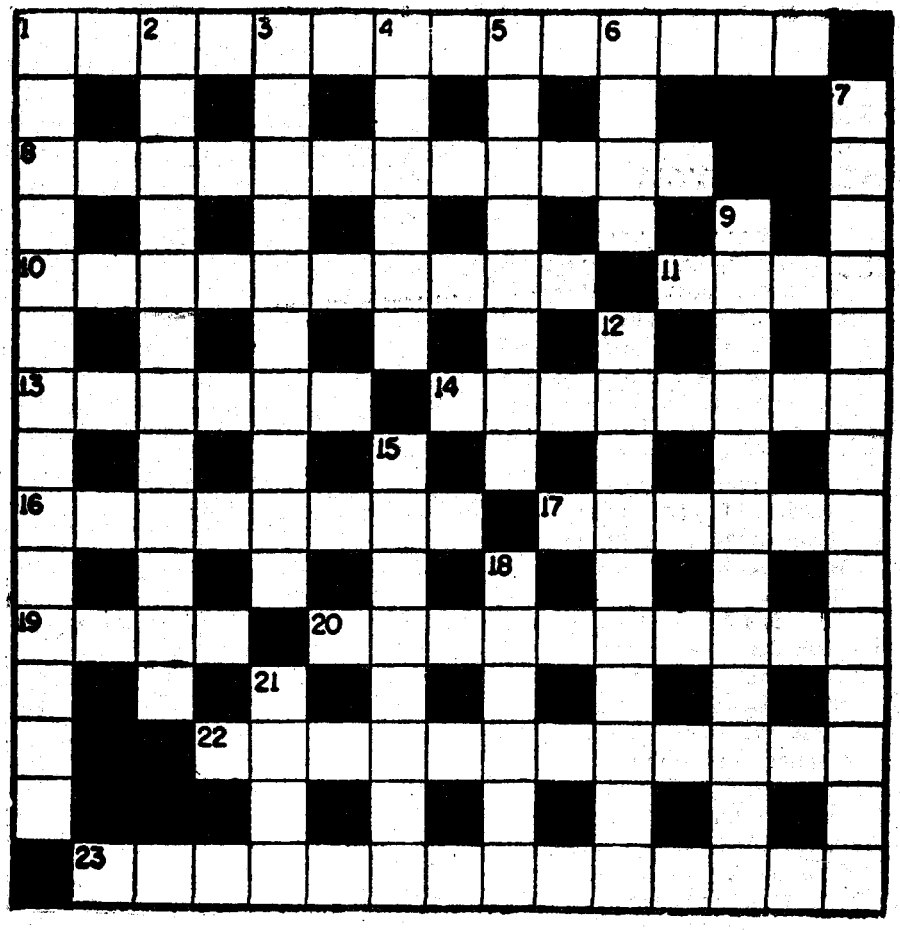

ACROSS

1 What a countryman is expected to do for the loyalty of such as Goldilocks's hosts. (4,10)
8 and 18 down What those who concern themselves with keeping the countryside clean sometimes do up? (A dog-owner might ask for it.) (3,4,2,3,6)
10 The single-minded quality of campers? (10)
11 Sooner or later this might suggest the author of many quotations. (4)
13 They are met close to the beginning of *The Ancient Mariner.* (6)
14 They find things, or enable one to find things. (8)
16 It's wrong to go after a foreigner with a shrink, as they say. (8)
17 You might get so near an explanation—it makes good sense. (6)
19 One certainly doesn't have a 4 with it. (4)
20 Middle European sort of dupe made things shine. (8,2)
22 Bun run, in a sense. (6,6)
23 What you might have to fill out when on the wagon, at the crest capable of making only a report. (5,9)

DOWN

1 Old-fashioned dippers sometimes required one. (7,7)
2 However, they don't put themselves out when doing their job. (12)
3 You'll certainly not be making friends this way! (10)
4 Having preference for a ruler just under 51? (6)
5 Present store of fight S.O.P. (4,4)
6 A revolutionary leader is an unpleasant companion to 21 at times. (4)
7. Represented by taking LSD first and last, at one time in England. (6,3,5)
9 One doesn't think much of such opinion. (12)
12 Grab the lead in a musical combo? (Walking bass might do it, too.) (4,3,3)
15 No scurvy lot with this acid! (8)
18 See 8 across
21 Father gets in trouble here. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1700

ACROSS: 1 A stitch in time; 10 Horal; 11 Unlearned; 12 Lacerated; 13 Error; 14 Importunates; 22 Evils; 24 Inflicted; 25 Kidnapper; 26 Hoist; 27 Schoolteacher. DOWN: 2 Spruce; 3 Idle rumor; 4 Countdown; 5 Idled; 6 Trade; 7 Minarets; 9 Address; 15 Task force; 16 Neolithic; 17 Streaks; 18 Periodic; 20, 8 and 19 Strike while the iron is hot; 21 Edits; 23 Shako; 24 Impel.

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